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1883.

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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LI.

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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' STREET COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of Misses' redingote No. 8403, and skirt No. 8082. The overdress is an exceedingly jaunty and becoming style. Both the patterns are in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age; the skirt pattern costing 25 cents; and the redingote, 30 cents. To make the garments for a miss of 12 years, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide; the redingote needing $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards; and the skirt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Misses' costume No. 8386. It is here made of fine cloth, and buttons, braid, and folds of the material provide its decoration. Any fashionable suiting may be made up in this way, with any preferred complexion. For a miss of 12 years, the costume requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 35 cents.



8405

Side-Front View.

8403

MISSSES' REDINGOTE.

No. 8403.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8398

Front View.

8405

Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8405.—A graceful and elegant mode is here pictured. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8402

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8402.—This jaunty pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8398

Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8398.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is handsome for all sorts of dress goods in vogue. For a lady of medium size, it requires $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.

**8409***Front View.***8400***Front View.***8409***Back View.***8400***Back View.***LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 8409.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

GIRLS' COAT.

No. 8400.—This pretty fashion is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 8 years, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

**8380***Front View.***8413***Front View.***8413***Back View.***8380***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 8413.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs 2 yards of plain material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.

LADIES' COAT.

No. 8380.—The pattern to this coat is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is a stylish mode for the development of any seasonable coating, and the decorations may be of any kind desired by the maker. To make the coat for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Ladies' wrap No. 8383, and costume No. 8363. The pattern to the wrap is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. The costume pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. For a lady of medium size, the wrap needs 6 yards, while the costume calls for 12½ yards, each 22 inches wide.

FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of Misses' costume No. 8379, which is an exceedingly pretty and stylish fashion. For a miss of 12 years, it will require 7½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be selected for the combination of any two materials or for a single fabric, as may be preferred. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' COSTUME.

wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of brocaded will suffice for the polonaise, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain for the skirt.

FIGURE NO. 6.—MISSSES' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This consists of Misses' dress No. 8414. It is a quaint fashion, and is suitable alike for the development of rich and inexpensive fabrics. Any tasteful trimming may be added. For a miss of 12 years, it requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' POLONAISE COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This toilette consists of Ladies' polonaise No. 8382, and skirt No. 8150. The polonaise is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. The skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. For a lady of medium size, the polonaise calls for 7 yards of brocaded material, and the skirt for $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain goods, each 22 inches wide. Of goods 48 inches



FIGURE NO. 6.—MISSSES' DRESS.



81

PATTERN FOR A RAG
DOLL.

SET No. 81.—This admirably shaped pattern is in 7 sizes for dolls from 12 to 24 inches in height. Bleached or unbleached muslin, jeau, or any similar material may be selected for construction in this way. For a doll 22 inches tall, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material either 27 or 36 inches wide will be necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

8107

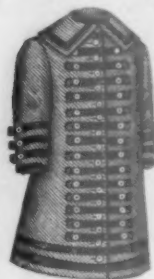
Front View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8407.—This stylish mode is here shown as made of camel's-hair and decorated with the material and braid. For a lady of medium size, it needs 13 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents.

8107

Back View.



8399

Front View.



8399

Back View.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 8399.—The pattern to this dainty little coat is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the coat for a child of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8395

Front View.



8395

Back View.

CHILD'S CLOAK, WITH CAPE.

No. 8395.—The pattern to this pretty cloak is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8378

Front View.



FIGURE NO. 7.—LADY DOLLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 7.—This consists of Lady Dolls' Set No. 78, which comprises a coat and skirt. The Set is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches tall, and costs 20 cents. In making the garments for a lady doll 22 inches tall, 1 yard of material 22 inches wide will be found sufficient.

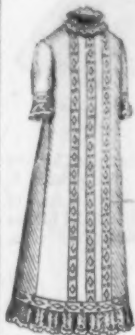


8378

Back View.

LADIES' REDINGOTE.

No. 8378.—This fashion is a very becoming style for the construction of cloth, flannel and similar fabrics. Ruchings are its favorite trimmings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



BABY DOLLS' CLOAK, CAP AND ROBE.

SET No. 80.—This dainty Set is in 7 sizes for baby dolls from 12 to 24 inches in height, and costs 20 cents. For a doll 22 inches tall, the cloak needs 1 yard of material 22 inches wide, while the robe and cap require $\frac{2}{3}$ yard 36 inches wide. The cloak is here made of pale blue cashmere and trimmed with creamy lace; and the robe and cap are formed of cambric, with lace edging and insertion for trimming.



8392

Front View.

LADIES'
No. 8392.—An exceedingly here illustrated. It is de-hue and stylishly trimmed tern is in 13 sizes for ladies ure. To make the jacket of medium size, will require wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches



8401

Front View.

8401

*Back View.***CHILD'S FIRST SHORT DRESS.**

No. 8401.—This dress is a charming little fashion for cashmere or flannel, as well as the many different varieties of washable fabrics. The pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 6 months to 3 years of age. In making the dress as represented for a child of 2 years, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide will be required for the yoke and sleeves, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material of the same width for the remainder. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8392

*Back View.***JACKET.**

ingly jaunty mode for a jacket veloped in cashmere of a warm with soutache braid. The pattern from 28 to 46 inches, bust meas-as here represented for a lady $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8385

Front View.

MISSSES'
No. 8385.—Plain and present construction of this in 8 sizes for misses from 8 12 years, the garment needs wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches



8385

*Back View.***BASQUE.**

striped goods are used for the jaunty basque. The pattern is to 15 years old. For a miss of $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

FIGURE NO. 8.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 8.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8410, and cap No. 8416. The costume pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. The cap is in 4 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age, and costs 10 cents. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. For the cap, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide will be necessary.

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We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like *THE SUN* for the following reasons, among others:

Because its news columns present in attractive form and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind; the events, the deeds and misdeeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs *THE SUN* makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. *THE SUN* has absolutely no purposes to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that *THE SUN* is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that it can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robesonism and for honest government. No matter what party is in power, *THE SUN* stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that *THE SUN* is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with cant. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor. A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of *THE SUN* discovers one of its many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

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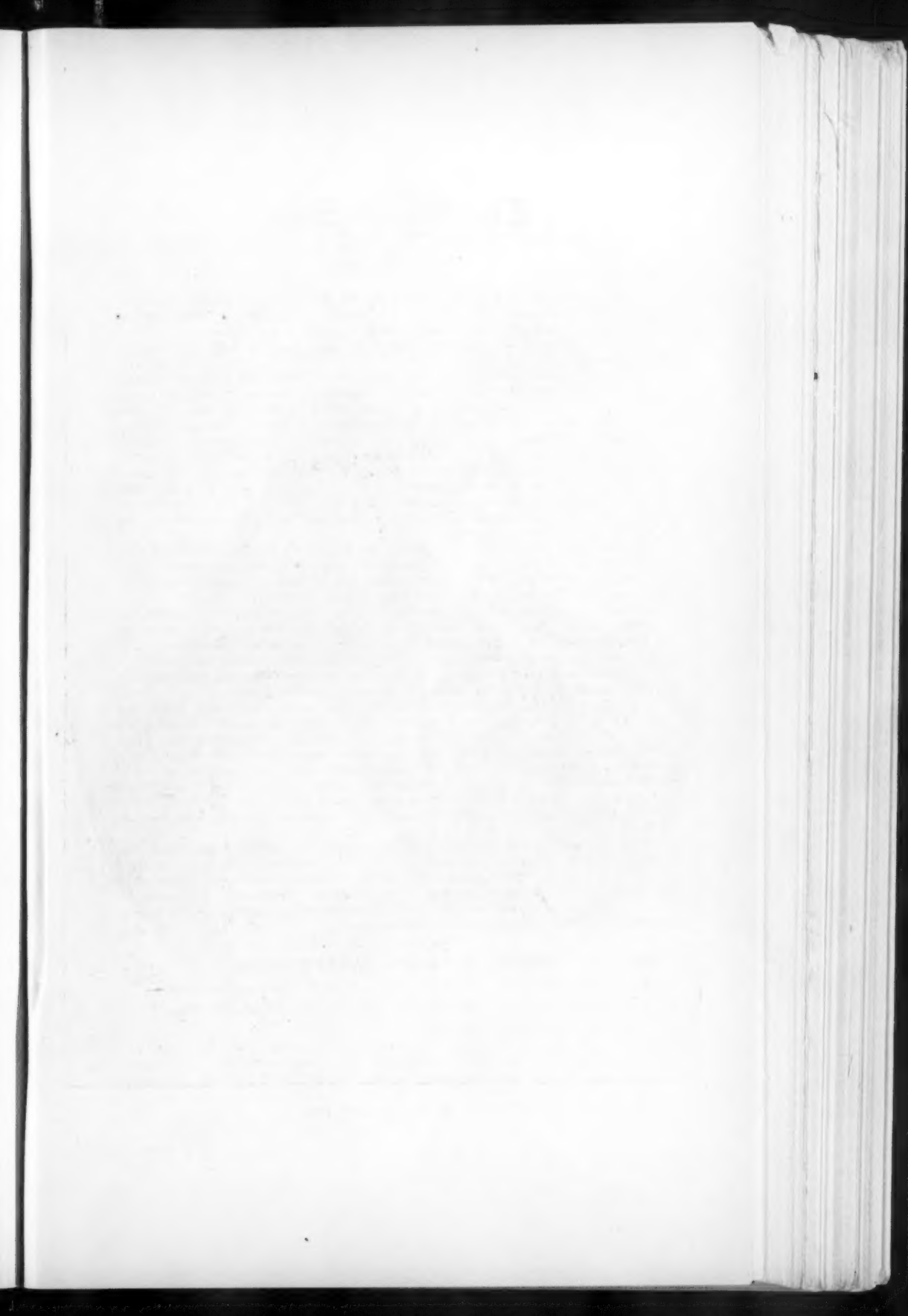
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GYPSY QUEEN—Page 19.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

JANUARY, 1883.

No. 1.



THE RETURN OF WINTER.

HAS not some one said that every flower is the queen of flowers, and every season the most beautiful of all? We rejoice with the peeping forth of spring's tender buds; with the profuse blossoming of summer's white and crimson blossoms; with the glowing and blushing gold and scarlet of autumn's gay leaves and fruit. But do we rejoice the less at sight of winter's fringes of icicles and robes of snow? No. Every season is pleasant to us—at the time of its coming, perhaps, the pleasantest of all—because it brings with it the charm of novelty. By the date of its return we have half-forgotten its attractive features and quite forgotten its disagreeable ones.

And so, when old winter comes back to us have we ever seen snow so fairy-white—so glistening in its ermine softness? Have we ever beheld ice as pearly—so pure in its crystalline solidity? Have frost-traceries and snow-flakes ever appeared so dainty, so delicate in their minute forms and flowers and laces? The rich, deep hues of the evergreens were partially eclipsed during the rest of the year

by the brilliant, glittering emerald-tints of the deciduous trees; but now how their solemn loveliness is set forth by their background of picturesque bare trunks and branches and their silvery powderings of the transformed water-element, here comelike appearing more like airy plumes than what we call snow.

The skies are so blue, the sun so glowing, the air so pure, the trees so fantastic, the enveloping and embellishing snow so magic, in contemplating the myriad beauties of a real winter landscape.



HENRY QUINN—Pier 40

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The skies are so blue, the sun so glowing, the air so pure, the trees so fantastic, the enveloping and embellishing snow so magic, in contemplating the myriad beauties of a real winter landscape.

What do we care for violent storms and pelting hailstones and piercing winds and bad colds? Let us think of warm wraps and glowing cheeks and sleighrides and Christmas presents—the good is just as real as the evil.

So old winter is welcome! We greet him with joy, no less than we did the younger and fairer seasons!

B.

IN WYOMING.

A RACE WITH AN INDIAN.

A SUMMER in Wyoming Territory! How long I had anticipated a visit to this wild region, of which I had read and imagined so much, and at last the time had come for the realization of all my dreams! I had two uncles living there, and how strange it seemed to me that their farms, or cattle ranches, as they call them, were ten miles apart, without a house between. But they owned large herds, and they wanted a wide extent of grazing land.

In one family the cousins were as old as myself; in the other they were little children, and their entreaties and the mild remonstrance of their mother against giving the greater share of my time to the elder cousins induced me to remain where I was that night, although on the morrow we were going from the other rancho out among the western hills to visit some wonderful springs of which they told me.

"You will be sure to come over early in the morning if you stay to-night?" asked Fred, a manly young fellow of twenty-five years.

"Of course I will," I replied, "I'll be there before you have your breakfast."

"And you won't be afraid of Big Buffalo if he happens to cross your path?"

This question was asked with a bantering smile, and I must confess that, had I not been ashamed of the cowardice, I should have gone with him then, for he had hinted at various times of the admiration which the brawny Indian had expressed for me. Big Buffalo was the great man of the tribe, and wore a couple of large horns suspended from his neck in commemoration of the deed of remarkable prowess which had given him his name.

He was upon friendly terms with my relatives, and not for the world would I have offended him; but I could not look upon his hideous features and primitive dress without a feeling of disgust and loathing, intensified, perhaps, by the fact that Cousin Fred had laughingly told me that the noted brave had offered him ten horses if he would persuade me to share his wigwam, and thus add still more to his notoriety and distinction. Not that I believed everything that my tantalizing cousin said, for he was always teasing me, but I did not know how much truth there

might be in his words; and when he urged me, in mock earnestness, to accept the Indian's offer for the sake of conferring so much wealth upon himself, assuring me that I would still have plenty of horses left, I couldn't see any particular fun in the joke; and now, with an expression of impatience, I turned away, and, with a hearty laugh at my annoyance, he rode away.

The first gleam of sunrise found me in the saddle, galloping along the well-worn bridle-path that led to the other rancho. In all this wide world there is nothing so refreshing, so exciting, and exhilarating, as a morning ride over the boundless prairies. At midday the cloud shadows roll over the vast expanse, touching the landscape with light and shade and casting a spell of drowsiness over the flowers, the flocks, and the herds; but at sunrise millions of bright tinted flowers look up, with glistening dewdrops moistening every petal. Thousands of wild fowl are rising from their grassy nests and winging their way through the clear ether to some favorite daytime haunt, while wild deer and gazelle are springing from their fragrant beds to bound over the verdant plain or feed from the tender herbage, and all nature seems reveling in life, light, and buoyancy.

Five miles of smooth, unbroken greensward had been passed when I came to a crystal lake, and for more than a mile the path lay close along the shore. Riding to the edge of the water and leaving the pony free to quench his thirst to the utmost extent of his inclination, I paused to gaze upon the wild, romantic scene.

Tall, shadowy trees surrounded the lake like a massive frame, with a strip of clear, white sand lying between, and an inner border of pond lilies in full bloom, encircling the entire circumference like a finishing stroke from a master hand, while every fleecy cloudlet sailing across the blue expanse above was faithfully reflected in the crystal mirror below.

A flock of snow-white swans sailed slowly back and forth across the bosom of the lake, thrusting their long necks suddenly into the water and withdrawing them with struggling fish held firmly in their bills, and swallowed down in spite of all resistance.

I stood gazing in rapt admiration upon the wild, romantic scene, forming the resolution to return on some other morning, and with sketching materials transfer this landscape gem to canvas, when the sudden report of a rifle startled me from my reverie and one of the swans lay floundering helplessly in the water, while the rest took to flight as soon as they could raise their ponderous bodies in the air. Another report, and another swan fell back, and the next instant the waters were cleft by the stalwart form of an Indian, who swam toward the wounded birds with almost as much grace and ease as the fowls themselves.

I did not stay to admire his manly exploits, however, but, thoroughly frightened, I rode away.

The prairie was just as beautiful, the scenery just as wild and romantic as before, but I was no longer in a mood to enjoy its loveliness, and far more anxious to reach my destination than to study the beauties of the landscape.

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I had not hoped for mercy. I knew that no true Indian would yield to the entreaties of a weak woman who was already in his power, and I tried hard not to merit his contempt by fainting away.

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"I am tired," I replied. "I never took such a ride before breakfast until this morning."

And very thankful was I for the motherly kindness that insisted upon having me left alone in my room for an hour or two, after drinking a cup of strong coffee and trying to eat a piece of toast.

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WEALTH has been divided by a living writer into two classes—material and non-material. The first of these includes what usually goes under that name, but the second consists of those human energies, faculties, and habits, physical, mental, and moral, which directly contribute to make men industrially efficient, and which therefore increase their power of producing material wealth. Thus manual skill, intelligence, and honesty may be included in the personal wealth of a country.

What do we care for violent storms and pelting hailstones and piercing winds and bad colds? Let us think of warm wraps and glowing cheeks and sleighrides and Christmas presents—the good is just as real as the evil.

So old winter is welcome! We greet him with joy, no less than we did the younger and fairer seasons!

B.

IN WYOMING.

A RACE WITH AN INDIAN.

A SUMMER in Wyoming Territory! How long I had anticipated a visit to this wild region, of which I had read and imagined so much, and at last the time had come for the realization of all my dreams! I had two uncles living there, and how strange it seemed to me that their farms, or cattle ranches, as they call them, were ten miles apart, without a house between. But they owned large herds, and they wanted a wide extent of grazing land.

In one family the cousins were as old as myself; in the other they were little children, and their entreaties and the mild remonstrance of their mother against giving the greater share of my time to the elder cousins induced me to remain where I was that night, although on the morrow we were going from the other rancho out among the western hills to visit some wonderful springs of which they told me.

"You will be sure to come over early in the morning if you stay to-night?" asked Fred, a manly young fellow of twenty-five years.

"Of course I will," I replied, "I'll be there before you have your breakfast."

"And you won't be afraid of Big Buffalo if he happens to cross your path?"

This question was asked with a bantering smile, and I must confess that, had I not been ashamed of the cowardice, I should have gone with him then, for he had hinted at various times of the admiration which the brawny Indian had expressed for me. Big Buffalo was the great man of the tribe, and wore a couple of large horns suspended from his neck in commemoration of the deed of remarkable prowess which had given him his name.

He was upon friendly terms with my relatives, and not for the world would I have offended him; but I could not look upon his hideous features and primitive dress without a feeling of disgust and loathing, intensified, perhaps, by the fact that Cousin Fred had laughingly told me that the noted brave had offered him ten horses if he would persuade me to share his wigwam, and thus add still more to his notoriety and distinction. Not that I believed everything that my tantalizing cousin said, for he was always teasing me, but I did not know how much truth there

might be in his words; and when he urged me, in mock earnestness, to accept the Indian's offer for the sake of conferring so much wealth upon himself, assuring me that I would still have plenty of horses left, I couldn't see any particular fun in the joke; and now, with an expression of impatience, I turned away, and, with a hearty laugh at my annoyance, he rode away.

The first gleam of sunrise found me in the saddle, galloping along the well-worn bridle-path that led to the other ranche. In all this wide world there is nothing so refreshing, so exciting, and exhilarating, as a morning ride over the boundless prairies. At midday the cloud shadows roll over the vast expanse, touching the landscape with light and shade and casting a spell of drowsiness over the flowers, the flocks, and the herds; but at sunrise millions of bright tinted flowers look up, with glistening dewdrops moistening every petal. Thousands of wild fowl are rising from their grassy nests and winging their way through the clear ether to some favorite daytime haunt, while wild deer and gazelle are springing from their fragrant beds to bound over the verdant plain or feed from the tender herbage, and all nature seems reveling in life, light, and buoyancy.

Five miles of smooth, unbroken greensward had been passed when I came to a crystal lake, and for more than a mile the path lay close along the shore. Riding to the edge of the water and leaving the pony free to quench his thirst to the utmost extent of his inclination, I paused to gaze upon the wild, romantic scene.

Tall, shadowy trees surrounded the lake like a massive frame, with a strip of clear, white sand lying between, and an inner border of pond lilies in full bloom, encircling the entire circumference like a finishing stroke from a master hand, while every fleecy cloudlet sailing across the blue expanse above was faithfully reflected in the crystal mirror below.

A flock of snow-white swans sailed slowly back and forth across the bosom of the lake, thrusting their long necks suddenly into the water and withdrawing them with struggling fish held firmly in their bills, and swallowed down in spite of all resistance.

I stood gazing in rapt admiration upon the wild, romantic scene, forming the resolution to return on some other morning, and with sketching materials transfer this landscape gem to canvas, when the sudden report of a rifle startled me from my reverie and one of the swans lay floundering helplessly in the water, while the rest took to flight as soon as they could raise their ponderous bodies in the air. Another report, and another swan fell back, and the next instant the waters were cleft by the stalwart form of an Indian, who swam toward the wounded birds with almost as much grace and ease as the fowls themselves.

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THE CATARACT OF TERNI.

TERNI is a little town of Central Italy, about forty-nine miles northeast of Rome, near the junction of two small rivers, the Nera and the Velino. According to tradition, the town,

importance, though it was regarded as one of the most flourishing cities of Italy in the time of Marius and Sylla. It is chiefly celebrated as the birthplace of the historian Tacitus and of the Emperor Tacitus, his descendant.

The modern town is well-built and is sur-



anciently called Interamna, was founded only about eighty years after Rome, or in 672 B. C. Aside from its great age it has little claim to historical

rounded by a wall with towers and five gates. Its most important buildings are a cathedral, several churches and palaces, a hospital, a theatre, and

some ancient ruins, among them those of temples, baths, and an amphitheatre. Terni is the seat of an Archbishop. Silk and woolen fabrics are manufactured. The population is about 15,000.

Two miles above the town is the famous Cataract of Terni, on the Velino. The fall, in two parts, rushes over a precipice five hundred feet high. It is described by Byron in his *Childe Harold*, which description we quote, first, however, copying his note on the stanzas cited.

"I saw the 'Cascata del Marmore'—'Cascade of Marble'—of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveler has time for one only, but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together."

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this,
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an increasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract.

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the tortures of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

H.



THE MATRON.



THE FLIRT.

THE GRAHAM FAMILY.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

A RECENT number of *The Magazine of Art* gives a fine engraving of one of Hogarth's pictures recently brought to light, a copy of which we present to our readers. Speaking of Hogarth and his works, and particularly of the better appreciation of his genius now entertained by artists and connoisseurs, that publication says:

"To judge by the prices paid for his works, Hogarth's merits as a painter—that is to say, a

"One of the causes which, perhaps more than any other, has contributed to the better intelligence of Hogarth as a colorist, is the increased facility for studying his pictures in loan collections. Year after year fresh portraits and family groups turn up at Burlington House and elsewhere, and the treasures of private houses come out of their hiding-places. The last winter exhibition at the Royal Academy was unusually rich in this way. Not only were there two most effective portraits—those of the second Lord Maclesfield and the father of Sir William Jones—but



designer in color as opposed to black and white—must have been singularly slow to obtain recognition. In 1745, when he was approaching fifty, nearly all his best pictures were still unsold; and when at last, by a queer kind of auction, he managed to dispose of them, the sums they realized were beneath contempt. 'The Rake's Progress,' a set of eight pictures, fetched but £184 16s.; 'The Harlot's Progress,' a set of six, but £88 4s. 'The Strolling Players,' which was burnt at Littleton not long ago, was knocked down for £27 6s.; and 'The Four Times of the Day,' sold separately, went at no better prices.

Lord Normanton exhibited a remarkable 'conversation piece,' measuring no less than 63½x71 inches. Of this—thanks to the proprietor—we are enabled to give a copy which, while it does not pretend to recall the niceties of modeling and texture, nevertheless affords a fair idea of the general composition. Its title in the catalogue is 'The Graham Family,' and it represents a group of four children—two girls, a boy, and a baby in a go-cart. The elder of the two girls is dressed in a blue gown and a lawn apron trimmed with lace. She looks—somewhat self-consciously, perhaps—toward the painter, and mechanically lifts a

bunch of cherries in her left hand to attract the attention of the baby. She wears a cap with flowers in it. The second girl, who is younger, looks toward her right, and, as if in answer to some request, raises her skirts and balances herself in a dancing posture. She, like her sister, is imprisoned in a stiff 'shape,' but she wears her lawn apron over a skirt brocaded with Japanese flowers. The graceful poise of this little figure, and her frank pleasure in her performance, are, in the original, delightful to see. To the extreme right of the canvas is the boy, a charming little fellow in a brown coat, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, who is watching with parted lips and eager eyes the effect which the notes of a bird-organ are producing upon a goldfinch in a cage above him. The bird flutters violently, but from a cause of which the musician is not conscious. This is a cat, admirable in its feline excitement, which clings to the back of the boy's chair with a deadly interest in the terrified bird. This cat's head is a wonderful piece of realism, and would deserve all the praise which Mr. Ruskin lavished on Mr. Coudery's kittens. There is little more to describe. On the side of the bird-organ, but not shown in our cut, is a design representing Orpheus playing to the beasts, and the little figure on the clock is a Cupid with a scythe. The tone of the picture is subdued and pleasing, and the execution exceedingly careful.

"It would be interesting to know something more of this charming domestic group, immortalized on canvas by an artist in whom many still recognize nothing more than a caricaturist, or, at best, a satirist. There is an emotional fineness—a frail sensibility—in the blue eyes and delicate features of the little figures which, while it says something of their past, presages something also of their future. But beyond the fact that they were the children of 'R. R. Graham, Esq.,' and that the picture belonged in 1804-14 to a 'Mr. Graham, of Chelsea,' tradition seems to have preserved no record of them."

DR. HUGGINS AND HIS DOG KEPLER.

THE well-known spectroscopist and astronomer, Dr. Huggins, had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, who was a mastiff of very noble proportions by descent, and who bore the great name of "Kepler." This dog possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and among these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors.

At the close of luncheon or dinner Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room and sit himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins

then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted off-hand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two." To such questions as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his decision was always right. The reward of each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at Kepler never moved his eyes from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake. Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog; but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself.

This case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical process as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being therefore aware of what the answer should be, expected the dog to cease barking when that number was reached; and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog. The instance is strictly analogous to the well-known case in which a button, suspended from a thread and held by a finger near to the brim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings and then stops—that is, provided the person who holds the button himself knows the hour! The explanation of this occurrence is that the hand which holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging, and, as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation in the expectation that a definite number of strokes on the glass will occur, his own brain convolutions take care that the movements of the finger shall be in accordance with that expectation.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon-ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets.



WOODS IN WINTER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN Winter winds are pier-
cing chill,
And through the hawthorn
blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chaste-ly
play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren
oak,
The summer vine in beauty clang,
And summer winds the stillness
brake,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen fountains,
mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,

Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

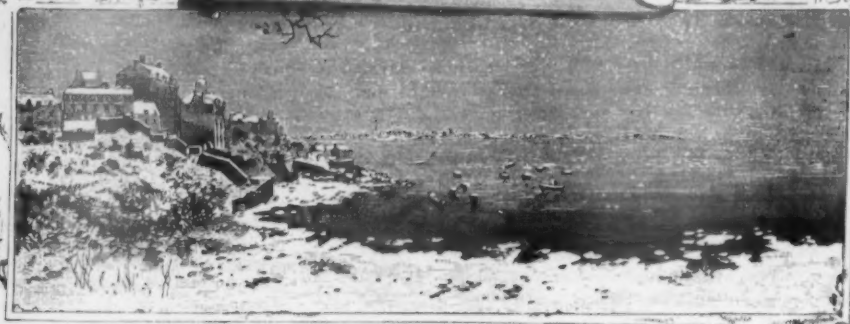
Alas! how changed from the fair
scene,
When birds sang out their mellow
lay,

And winds were soft, and woods
were green,
And the song ceased not with the
day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your
crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse
accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your
song;

I hear it in the opening year—
I listen and it cheers me long.



DISENCHANTMENT.

"How cold are thy baths, Apollo!"
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,
As the vision that lured him to follow
With the mist and the darkness blended
And the dream of his life was ended;
"How cold are thy baths, Apollo!"

LONGFELLOW.

THOUGH not intrinsically unmusical, few words of the language produce harsher effects in the sphere of imagination than disenchantment. To expect Paradise and find a barnyard! as Hawthorne said of Brook Farm. To free from fascination or delusion is perhaps the most compact definition of the word, but it will bear the elaboration of pages. Our ideals, so brave and bright in the sunshine, are often but common clay in the shade, and the visions that hope had conjured vanish like the cloud-scenes of a desert landscape.

We build air-castles and, as advised by the hermit of Waldin, put foundations under them, but was ever architect or owner entirely satisfied with the result? Some miscalculation, mismeasurement, or defect of detail has marred this Palace Beautiful, and our faith in its perfection begins to wane. Disenchantment is an ever-present shadow on the dial of human experience; few temperaments mark only the sunny hours. The painter sees in his best portrait tints that might have been richer, paler, darker, or clearer, and improved the picture. (We sometimes wonder whether Correggio's angels never assumed a refractory position of wing or elbow, giving the ardent artist a twinge of disappointment.) Did Angelo regard his frescoes and "Moses" the ultimate art of the century, or Raphael dream the Sistine Madonna divine?

Unrevealed to Dante was the mystic immortality of his verse, and Shakespeare may have found some unsatisfactory word in many of his most impassioned lines.

The question, What hath God wrought? sped like light along the wire, but did the mind of Morse then foreknow that this same swift agent would question and answer under the sea and around the world? Congress had been liberal of disenchantment and finally generous of gold, but doubtless there were moments in the history of this man of genius when the whole system of telegraphy seemed to be verging on failure. An observing traveler relates the following of tourists' disenchantment:

"The Alpine passes are surpassingly sublime; but there the beggars are what beggars description. Paris is the most exquisitely built city in the world; but they peddle poor water there at so much a pint. The dress of the Italian peasantry have all the variegation which our school-

books represent, and then in addition a forelornness and a filth that do not appear in the pictures. The battle-field of Joshua seen from upper Bethoren is one of the finest landscapes on the globe; but the old Sheik's house from the roof of which you behold it reeks with odors more than unspeakable. The Coliseum is a splendid old ruin; but all the moss-covered stories are full of green lizards and alive with vermin. Even Mount Olivet, so bright with reverent illusions at the home distance, is discovered to be black overhead, desolate under foot, and verdureless everywhere."

Professor Swing recently visited London and thus records his impressions of a much-venerated temple of the past:

"Against all my wishes and to the utter overthrow of all my old ideas and dreams, I must pronounce Westminster Abbey a failure. Fearing that my first impression might have come from that fatigue of mind which turns gold into dross, I went back again with enthusiasm enough to turn dross into gold, and the result is the same in my logical and emotional departments, and the conclusion stares me in the face that the famous Abbey is a poor page in the history of the grand or beautiful."

Perhaps it were well to modify one's expectations and thus avoid the shock of disillusion. Accept the motto from Touchstone—"Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travelers must be content."

Nor are summer seekers of recreation unfamiliar with disenchantment. The "ambrosial grove" is often but a jungle of uncleared underbrush; the sky-mirrored lake a malarial pond; the garden a patch of ill-seeded, ill-weeded vegetables, scrubby four o'clocks, and coarse sunflowers. Indoors flies abound and they buzz and devour with an ardor only equaled by tuneless, torturous mosquitoes. And the menu does not always consist of unlimited quantities of fruit and flagons of cream, nor are spring-chicken and brook-trout spontaneous. Nevertheless, we go summering and send the newspapers or magazines delightful accounts of ramble minus grumble. Like Aunt Serena, we placidly smile down our disappointments and find more roses than thorns in so doing. But, smile as we may, it does require fortitude combined with the graces of religion to bravely encounter the petty disenchantments that lurk in life's pathway. MRS. C. I. BAKER.

It is a gratifying thought that whatever is good and true and pure is also durable. Evil has within it the seeds of decay; good, the germs of growth. The laborer who would have his work last long must do it well. The mother who would make her influence permanent must see to it that it is on the side of goodness and intelligence.

ANTS: THEIR FLOCKS AND THEIR SLAVES.

ANTS have long afforded amusement and wonder to observers, on account of what might be called their near approach to human intelligence, as exhibited in their social

bock, "are identical in habits; and, on various accounts, their mode of life is far from easy to unravel. In the first place, most of their time is passed underground; all the education of the young, for instance, is carried on in the dark. The life of the ant falls into the four well-marked periods usual with insects—those of the egg, of the larva or

grub, of the pupa or chrysalis, and of the perfect insect or imago." The eggs are white or yellowish, and are said to hatch in fifteen days; but those observed by Lubbock have taken a month or six weeks. The larvæ are small, white, legless grubs, which that section of the ant-communities called workers carefully tend and feed, carrying them about from chamber to chamber, probably in order to secure for these baby ants the most suitable amount of warmth and moisture. The larvæ, also, are very often assorted according to age, and it is sometimes very curious to see them arranged in groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school divided into five or six classes. When they enter the chrysalis state, some of the larvæ are covered with silken cocoons,



organization, their large communities, their elaborate habitations, their education of their young, their military tactics, their construction of roadways and bridges, and their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves.

"No two species of ants," says Sir John Lub-

bock, "are identical in habits; and, on various accounts, their mode of life is far from easy to unravel. In the first place, most of their time is passed underground; all the education of the young, for instance, is carried on in the dark. The life of the ant falls into the four well-marked periods usual with insects—those of the egg, of the larva or

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ish in the attempt, if they were not assisted; "and it is very pretty," says Lubbock, "to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs and smoothing out the wings with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy."

Under ordinary circumstances an ants' nest, like a beehive, consists of three kinds of individuals, namely, workers or imperfect females (which constitute the great majority), males and perfect females. There are, however, often several queens in an ants' nest—these queens being provided with wings; but after a single flight they tear them off, and do not again quit the nest. Very young ants devote themselves at first to the care of the larvæ and pupæ, and take no share in the defense of the nest or other out-of-door work until they are some days old. This seems so arranged because at first their skin is comparatively soft, and it would be undesirable for them to undertake rough work or run into danger until their armor had had time to harden. When they are sufficiently strong they join the workers, and their education may then be said to have begun. The division of labor among the ants is still further developed. Among the slave-keeping species the mistresses, for instance, never go out themselves for food, leaving all this to the slaves. Others, again, send out foraging expeditions, certain ants being told off for this purpose; and if any member of the expedition is taken prisoner or otherwise prevented from returning to the nest it is observed that another ant is sent to replace it.

The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey-dew, and fruit; indeed, scarcely any animal or sweet substance seems to come amiss to them. Some species, such as the small brown garden ant, keep tiny aphides (a kind of green plant-lice) as milk-cows. They go out and ascend bushes in search of them. When the ant finds one, she strokes and caresses the aphid gently with her antennæ, and the aphid emits a drop of sweet fluid, which the ant imbibes. Sometimes the ants even build covered-ways—a kind of cow-sheds of earth—for the aphides, which, moreover, they protect from the attacks of other insects. But this is not all. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species of aphides in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. And they not only guard the mature aphides which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which, of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless.

There is another striking feature in the social organization of ants which we must notice; that is, their habit of keeping slaves. Most ants will carry off the larvæ and pupæ of other species if they get a chance; and this throws light upon that most remarkable phenomenon, the existence

of slavery among them. "If you place a number of larvæ and pupæ in front of a nest of the horse ant, for instance, they are soon carried off; and those which are not immediately required for food remain alive for some time, and are even fed by their captors." This is not, however, a confirmed habit with the horse ant; but there is an allied species, which exists throughout Europe, with which it has become an established practice. These ants make periodical expeditions, attack neighboring nests, and carry off the pupæ. When the pupæ come to maturity, they find themselves among others of their own species, the results of previous predatory expeditions. They adapt themselves to circumstances, assist in the ordinary household duties, and, having no young of their own species, feed and tend those of their mistresses.

This species of slave-holding ants, while aided in their duties by their slaves, do not themselves lose the instinct of working. But there is another species of slave-holders, the Amazon ant, which do, and which have become almost entirely dependent upon their slaves. They indeed present a striking picture of the degrading tendencies of slavery. "Even their bodily

structure has undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers—deadly weapons, indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts: their art, that is, the power of building;



their domestic habits, for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by their slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them with some larvæ and pupæ, and a supply of honey, in a box. 'At first,' he says, 'they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.' This observation," adds Lubbock, "has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves."

Jules Michelet, in his book on Insects, gives the following account of these slave-holding ants:

"This strange fact, which ought apparently to change our ideas of animal morality, was discovered early in the present century. Pierre Huber, the son of the celebrated observer of the manners and habits of bees, walking one day in a field near Geneva, saw on the ground a strong detachment of reddish-colored ants on the march, and beheld himself of following them. On the flanks of the column, as if to dress its ranks, a few speed to and fro in eager haste. After marching for about a quarter of an hour, they halt before an ant-hill belonging to the small black ant, and a desperate struggle takes place at its gates.

"A small number of the blacks offer a brave resistance; but the great majority of the people thus assailed flee through the gates remotest from the scene of combat, carrying away their young. It was just these which were the cause of the strife; what the blacks most justly feared was the theft of their offspring. And soon the assailants, who had succeeded in penetrating into the city, might be seen emerging from it loaded with the young black progeny. It was an exact resemblance of a descent of slave-dealers on the coast of Africa.

"The red ants, encumbered with their living booty, left the unfortunate city in the desolation of its great loss and resumed the road to their own habitation, whither their astonished and almost breathless observer followed them. But

how was his astonishment augmented when, at the threshold of the red ants' community, a small population of black ants came forward to receive the plunder, welcoming with visible joy these children of their own race, which, undoubtedly, would perpetuate it in the foreign land.

"This, then, is a mixed city, where the strong warrior-ants live in a perfectly good understanding with the little blacks. But what do the latter? Huber speedily discovered that, in effect, they do everything. They alone build; they alone bring up the young red ants and the captives of their own species; they alone administer the affairs of the community, provide its supplies of food, wait upon and nourish their red masters, who, like great infant giants, indolently allow their little attendants to feed them at the mouth. No other occupations are theirs but war, theft, and kidnapping. No other movements in the intervals than to wander about lazily and bask in the sunshine at the door of their barracks.

"The most curious circumstance is that these civilized helots really love their great, barbarous warriors, and carefully tend their children, gladly and cheerfully perform their tasks of servitude, and more, encourage the extension of their slavery and the abduction of the little blacks.

"Huber made an experiment. He was desirous of observing what would be the result if the great red ants found themselves without servants, and if they would know how to supply their own wants. He thought, perhaps, that the degenerate creatures might be inspired and uplifted by the maternal love which is so strong among the ants.

"He put a few into a glass case, and with them some *nymphs*. Instinctively they began to move them about and to cradle them after their fashion, but soon discovered (big and robust as they, nevertheless, were) that the weight was too much for them; they accordingly left them on the ground and coolly abandoned them. In truth, they abandoned themselves. Huber put some honey for them in a corner, so that they had nothing to do but to take it. Miserable the degradation, cruel the punishment with which slavery afflicts the enslavers! They did not touch it; they seemed to know nothing; they had become so grossly ignorant and indolent that they could no longer feed themselves. Some of them died from starvation, with food before them!

"Huber, to complete the experiment, then introduced into the case one black ant. The presence of this sagacious helot changed the face of things and re-established life and order. He went straight to the honey; he fed the great, dying simpletons; he dug a hole in the ground, placed in it the eggs, prepared the incubation, watched over the nymphs (or *maillets*), and restored to life and happiness the little people, who, becoming industrious in their turn, seconded the efforts of their nurse.

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Felicitous influence of genius! A single individual had re-created the city.

"The observer then understood that with such a superiority of intelligence these helots might, in reality, wear the chains of servitude very lightly, and perhaps govern their masters. A persevering study proved to him that such was, indeed, the case. The little blacks in many things carry a moral authority whose signs are very visible; they do not, for example, permit the great red ants to go out alone on useless expeditions, and compel them to return into the city. Nor are they even at liberty to go out in a body, if their wise little helots do not think the weather favorable, if they fear a storm, or if the day is far advanced. When an excursion proves unsuccessful and they return without children, the little blacks are stationed at the gates of the city to forbid their ingress and send them back to the combat; nay more, you may see them take the cowards by the collar and force them to retrace their route.

"These are astounding facts; but such as they are they were seen by our illustrious observer. He

cumstance known to everybody who has seen a file of ants on the march.) But the novel and astonishing thing to me was, that gradually those who were at the head drew near to each other and advanced only by turning; they passed and repassed the whirling crowd, describing concentric circles; a manœuvre evidently fit to produce enthusiasm and to augment energy—each, by contact, electrifying himself with the ardor of all.

"Suddenly the revolving mass seemed to sink and disappear. There was no sign of ant-hills in the turf; but after a while we detected an almost imperceptible orifice, through which we saw them vanish in less time than it takes me to write these words. We asked ourselves if it was an entrance to their domicile; if they had re-entered their city. In a minute at the utmost they gave us a reply and showed us our mistake. They issued in a throng, each carrying a nymph on its mandibles.

"From the short time they had taken, it was evident that they had a previous knowledge of the localities, the place where the eggs were deposited, the time when they were to assemble, and the



could not trust his eyes, and summoned one of the greatest naturalists of Sweden—M. Jurine—to his side, to make new investigations and decide whether he had been deceived. This witness, and others who afterward pursued the same course of experiments, found that his discoveries were entirely accurate.

"Yet—shall I dare to confess it—after all these weighty testimonies I still doubted. Let me say I hoped that the fact, without being absolutely false, had not been correctly observed. But on a certain occasion I saw it—with my own eyes saw it—in the park of Fontainebleau. I was accompanied by an illustrious philosopher, an excellent observer, and he too saw exactly what I saw.

"It was half-past four in the afternoon of a very warm day. From a pile of stones emerged a column of from four to five hundred red or reddish ants, precisely the same color as the wing-cases of the gnat. They marched quickly toward a piece of turf, kept in order by their sergeants or 'pivot-men,' whom we saw on the flanks, and who would not permit any one to straggle. (This is a cir-

degree of resistance they had to expect. Perhaps it was not their first journey.

"The little blacks on whom the red ants made this *razzia* sallied out in considerable numbers, and I truly pitied them. They did not attempt to fight. They seemed frightened and stunned. They only endeavored to delay the ravishers by clinging to them. A red ant was thus arrested; but another red one, who was free, relieved him of his burden, and thereupon the black ant relaxed his grasp. In fine, it was a pitiful scene for the blacks. They offered no serious resistance. The five hundred red ants succeeded in carrying off nearly three hundred children. At two or three feet from the hole the blacks ceased to pursue them, abandoned all hope, and resigned themselves to their fate. All this did not occupy ten minutes between the departure and the return. The two parties were very unequal. It was evidently a facile abuse of strength—very probably an outrage often repeated—a tyranny of the great, who levied a tribute of children from their poor little neighbors."

THE SHELTER BY THE WAY

STARLESS and thick the night comes down
 apace,
 Upon the desert's blank, upturned face,
 The slipping sands are hot beneath my feet,
 And on my fevered brow the hot winds beat—
 Night in the desert and no resting-place!

Through the still noontide's broad and brazen glare,
 With sultry heats in all the throbbing air,
 My eager feet pressed on at tireless pace,
 Bridging the wide but ever-lessening space
 'Twixt me and home, that daily grows more fair,

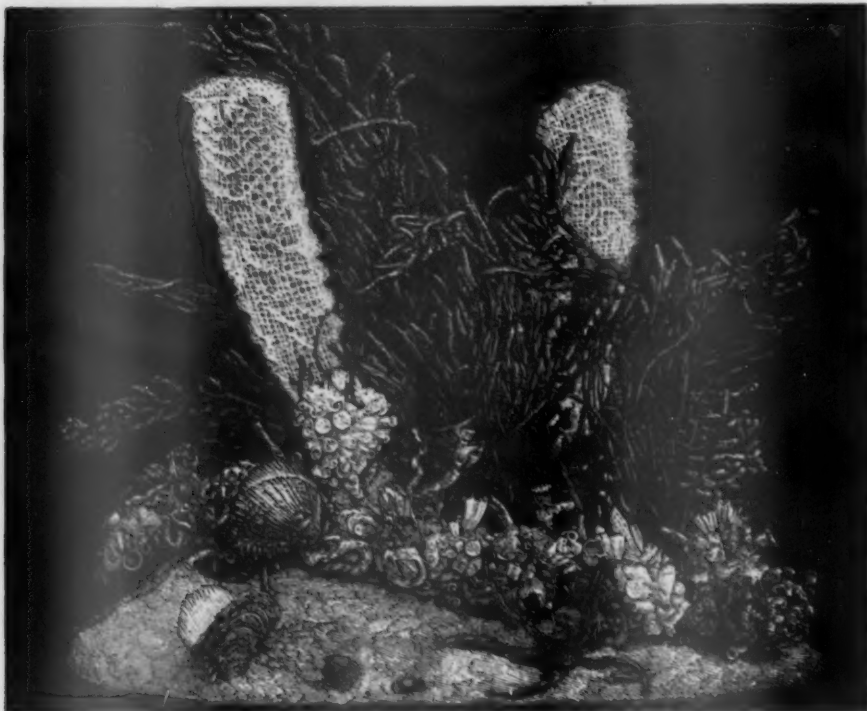
But now the sullen darkness, huge and grim,
 Shuts down before, behind; my way grows dim;
 Strange fears beset me, ghostly doubts arise,
 Weird phantoms stalk before my clouded eyes
 And crowd their shapes between my soul and Him.

Alone, unsheltered, trackless grows the waste,
 Vanished each step that human foot has traced,
 Closer the darkness broods like smothering wings,
 Beneath whose cover lurk all noisome things,
 Oh! for a moment's rest—a breath broad-spaced!

And lo! from out the darkness, dense and dread,
 A stately palm uprears its crowned head,
 I hear the laugh of waters low and sweet,
 And living grasses thrill beneath my feet
 I sit me down, content and comforted.

And now this truth bides with me day by day
 Wherever o'er life's waste my feet may stray,
 Whatever starless night of grief may blind,
 Whatever phantom fears my soul may find,
 There shall not fail a shelter by the way.

MARJORIE MOORE.



A SHELL-COVERED CABLE.

AMONG the strange and beautiful things occasionally brought up from the depths of the sea is a piece of a submarine cable covered with shells, the work of busy animal life.

It was picked up from the bottom of the Indian Ocean, near Singapore, and sent by the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company to England, where it was exhibited in the Crystal Palace.

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THE GYPSIES.

MOST of us have very vague ideas regarding the gypsies. On the one hand we invest them with poetry and romance derived from operas like the *Bohemian Girl* and *Il Trovatore*, or stories like George Eliot's *Spanish Gypsy* on the other, we look upon them merely as thieves and vagabonds—especially if our chicken-roosts have been robbed or the wanderers have encamped upon our premises.

Some of us have seen them in the woods, their gayly painted wagons drawn up in a circle in the centre of which was the familiar gypsy-kettle swung from three firmly planted converging sticks over a fire. Horses, dogs, children, harness, and iron pots appear scattered about in picturesque confusion. Women, old and young, wear bright red kerchiefs about their heads and big, gold hoops in their ears, while the men are scarcely to be distinguished from our ordinary fellow-citizens, except by their black hair and dark, swarthy skins—which last peculiarities are shared by their feminine relatives. There are, however, cases of gypsies having fair hair and blue eyes.

How anxious these gypsy-women are to tell your fortune—that is, if you “cross their palms with silver.” And how many young girls, some in fun, some in awe, some in confidence, allow the prophetess to “read the stars” for them. No doubt the gypsies amass large sums by imposing upon the credulity of the people among whom they travel, in addition to what they steal.

But the cunning occupants of wagons and tents are not the only gypsies—nor is gypsedom altogether as we see it and read of it. True, the same wandering people may be met with in every habitable country in the globe; but in the New World, as well as the Old, they seem to have some central capital, with a sovereign to whom they profess allegiance. A few years ago we read of the Queen of all the Gypsies in the United States, who held her court somewhere in the State of Ohio, near Lake Erie. Probably the high dignitaries among them live and dress in a style corresponding to that of some of our wealthier classes. That they have done so in other lands and ages is evident from the meagre history of their race which is available to us. Dress—elegant, gaudy, barbaric dress—has always been a subject of deep regard among them. The traditional Gypsy Queen is represented as clad in silk or velvet of green and scarlet, with a profusion of dangling golden coins and trinkets.

It seems a strange fact that, though the existence of these mysterious people has been known for centuries, only within the past few years has any one succeeded in learning or giving to the world anything at all trustworthy regarding them. The reasons for this are, first, the gypsies themselves

have been remarkably reticent about communicating anything concerning their language, customs, traditions, etc. Second, so great has been the prejudice against them that few have thought it worth while to inquire into their ways and annals. The cause of all this is not difficult to guess. The predatory bands would soon make themselves obnoxious to the inhabitants of the countries in which they sojourned, which circumstance would naturally give rise to laws against them, which laws would in turn impel the gypsies to hide themselves as much as they could. In consequence, everywhere, all over Europe at least, hundreds of them would forsake their roving mode of life, marry, and mingle with the settled natives and yet remain at heart gypsies, keeping within themselves, except as they imparted them to their children, the secrets of their tribe. So, though it has only recently come to light, it is none the less a truth that the traditional tent gypsies are by no means the greater part of gypsedom. One writer, Walter Simson, our chief authority on the subject, unhesitatingly asserts that, although more or less “mixed,” there were in 1869 no less than one hundred thousand gypsies in Scotland, though only five thousand were known to be such. Some of these occupied very high positions in the land, being among the titled nobility, the representatives of the Church, the bar, the press, etc., as well as connected with humble families. If the blood of this ancient race has become so widely diffused through the Gaelic, who shall say what may be the case in other countries, our own included?

It is apparent from this that gypsy history so far has been very little known. Among those who have investigated it, Borrow, Grellmann, and some others have made many mistakes. Simson in England and Charles G. Leland in the United States have probably reached the most just conclusions.

The best theory of the origin of the gypsies is the following. Intelligent men among them say that they are descendants of the original inhabitants of Egypt—probably the Shepherd-Kings; that they left Egypt in the train of the Israelites in order to escape from the slavery to which the Pharaohs had reduced both races; that they are spoken of in the Bible as the “mixed multitudes” who accompanied the Jews. Having followed the latter as far as the borders of the “Promised Land,” which, however, they were forbidden to enter, the Egyptians proceeded southeast and settled in Hindostan. As if to confirm this part of their history, it has been proved both by Simson and Leland, if not by others, that the gypsy language wherever spoken is almost identical with the common aboriginal dialect of Hindoostanee.

It is not to be wondered at that the descendants of these nomad Egyptians should exhibit roving propensities. Accordingly, we find that offshoots

of them soon spread out over all parts of the known world—but ever retaining the same speech, the same distinctive characteristics, the same singular customs, even the same name—for in England and Scotland as early as they were known, they were called Egyptians, and their

illustrious were Anthonius Gawino and John Faa. King James IV of Scotland entered into a league with the former in 1506, and James V with the latter in 1540. Both monarchs evidently thought the Earls of Little Egypt genuine princes, and perhaps they considered themselves such. "Johnny



common appellation in more than one European country is a corruption of this word.

The gypsies first appeared in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Some of their leaders called themselves Dukes and Earls of Little Egypt, and traveled in great splendor, accompanied by a stately retinue. Among the most

Faa" is the subject of a famous Scotch ballad which represents him as carrying off a Countess. "Hughie the Graeme," another ballad, describes the exploits of a gypsy hero. In short, for the first century or so of their residence in Great Britain they were much esteemed, especially as the superstitious and religious believed them a

pious nation engaged in perpetual pilgrimage. It was not until their cunning ways—"pickery" (theft), "sorning" (open robbery), fortune-telling, thimble-rigging, juggling, horse-stealing, and the like—became generally known that such severe laws were enacted against them and they were subjected to innumerable persecutions. At one time to be "of repute an Egyptian" was offense sufficient to deserve hanging. It makes one shudder to read how many gypsies had been, as they expressed it, "married to the gallows-tree," though it would require a great stretch of imagination to say that they were entirely innocent of crime.

The gypsies have always been undoubtedly a nation of thieves. But their depredations have been mostly confined to petty pilferings, great crimes being beyond them. They stick closely to each other and never forget any one who has treated them kindly. They are generous in their dispositions, courteous in their manners—though it must be said of them that they are very volatile and have little regard for truth and cleanliness. Their women are almost invariably virtuous, an unfaithful wife being sometimes punished by death. Notwithstanding all that has been said against them, many of them do make an honest living. They are excellent tinkers, and often in some neighborhoods are regularly hired as fiddlers at fairs and weddings.

The gypsies have no ideas of God. They have some barbarous customs and superstitious observances, but their religion, if they have any, is mostly borrowed from people around them. Sometimes they affect great piety, but it is usually hypocrisy practiced for the purpose of gain. There have been, however, some grand exceptions. Several worthy clergymen in England and Scotland were of gypsy descent; a number of notable gypsies are recorded as having been converted to Christianity, among them a certain Jeanie Wilson, called a "lily among thorns;" and Simson has plainly shown that the famous John Bunyan was a gypsy—he called himself a tinker, one of the common English names for members of the tribe.

Men gypsies can generally read and write, but very few women among them are able to do as much. Some of their young people, however, are very much better educated than the ordinary reader might suppose. Educated gypsies have occupied and do occupy positions requiring a considerable amount of knowledge. Several instances are recorded in which learned gypsy mothers taught their sons from written manuscripts. Still, taking gypsy children as a class, it is very likely that there is abundant room for missionary work not far from home.

So much may be said in favor of this strange people. If they are descended from a nation of

robbers, the same is true also of every European people. If they have kept their nomadic, thieving habits while all around them have advanced in civilization, it is as much on account of the oppression and deep-seated prejudice against them as through any fault of their own. Their antiquity is just as high, their blood just as good, as those of any nation; and if their human brothers will not stand aloof from them, but lend them a helping hand; if they will strive to break down the feeling of caste, and invite them to come into their schools and churches and assemblies; if they will encourage them to speak of their language, history, and customs—no one knows what may be the future of this interesting race. What poets, artists, musicians, legislators, citizens may they not give us! Surely, rightly cultivated, they have good qualities enough to overbalance the evil. If we want no Pariahs and outlaws in this age, still less do we want them in this free Christian land.

Those who wish to pursue the subject further we would refer to Borrow's *Spanish Gypsies*, Simson's *History of the Gypsies*, and Leland's *Ballads* in the gypsy language, the notes and translations in which are of interest.

M. B. H.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Webster used to tell with great zest an incident in his professional life to illustrate how past studies may prove of great service in an emergency. While practicing in New Hampshire a blacksmith employed him to defend a contested will. The case was such a complicated one that he was obliged to order books from Boston at an expense of fifty dollars, in order to acquaint himself with and to settle the legal principles involved. He won the case, and as the amount involved was small, charged fifteen dollars for services, and was therefore largely out of pocket. Many years after when passing through New York he was consulted by Aaron Burr. "I have a very perplexing case," said Burr, "which I cannot disentangle. I know I am right, but see no way of proving it in court." Webster listened, and found the principles identical with his early case. He stated them in such a luminous way that Burr said excitedly, "Have you been consulted before, Mr. Webster?" "No, sir; I never heard of the case till you mentioned it." "How is it possible that you could unravel such a case at sight, when I had given many hours of anxious study to it in vain?" Webster enjoyed his perplexity, but finally relieved him by a statement of the facts. A great sum was at stake, and Webster received a fee of one thousand dollars to balance his former loss. The moral of this incident is, that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Webster, when a young lawyer, acted on this maxim; and this laid the foundation of his greatness.

AUNT ROXY'S STORY.

IT was a lovely day in midsummer. All nature was in full bloom. The mixed odors of clove-pinks, cinnamon roses, and new-made hay filled the summer-air.

We were sitting in the wide, airy hall, sewing, Aunt Roxy, Bell, and I. The busy clatter of the sewing-machine mingled with the softened music of birds, katydids, and the whetting of scythes. Bell and I were very gay and unusually industrious. We were at work on our picnic dresses, and, although of simple print, the yards and yards of ruffling made our task no light one. Chronological veracity compels me to state that my story antedates the days of shirring and plaiting. Fluted ruffles were in vogue, and very pretty they were, too, and very becoming, particularly to a little, slender figure like Bell's.

Bell, with her dark curls tied back, to keep cool, was running the machine, I was cutting and basting, while Aunt Roxy—dear, good Aunt Roxy—was making a dress for herself, a plain, brown lawn, sewed by hand.

From the first she had resolutely set her face against sewing-machines. But then, as she was equally opposed to frills, furbelows, and folderols of all kinds, she could make a dress for herself by hand in rather less time than Bell or I could make ours with the machine.

Then when it came to the ironing, with the mercury touching the nineties, I was ready to go over to Aunt Roxy's side and denounce ruffles and fluting as "a delusion and a snare," all "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Our merry tongues ran on—Bell's and mine in an interminable clatter only rivaled by our good Howe machine—upon a thousand topics—sandwiches, croquet, fluting, ruching, hats, stuffing for chicken, boat-rides, frosting, coffee, and, oftener and oftener, Hubert Greene.

It was Hubert Greene said this and Hubert Greene did that and the other, until one would think that Hubert Greene was the chief attraction of the pretty little village of Wheatland and the gossipy young seamstresses.

Aunt Roxy? Oh! we didn't mind her. She was too kind and loving and lenient. No one was afraid of Aunt Roxy unless he had done wrong. Then she was the stern and pitiless monitress. Aunt Roxy was the representative New England countrywoman. Devout, industrious, plain, almost ascetic, kind, and charitable, yet sharp and incisive of speech, her wrath was chiefly aroused by falsehood and meanness. She scorned all the genteel courtesies of society that were based on insincerity. Aunt Roxy never said "call again" to a visitor unless she meant it. She never wasted her breath exchanging hollow compliments with people she despised. Not she. She

plainly and stolidly passed by without a word. "Truth" was her watchword and her banner; her favorite maxim, "Speak the truth and shame the devil."

Yes, she was an "old maid." No baby-lips would ever call her mother. And yet the maternal instinct, or mother-love with which some women are so largely endowed, seemed to distill like perfume from her heart and to extend to every child of her acquaintance. She *mothered* us all. That is why we loved her so well. We were always sure of Aunt Roxy's love and help, and of her ready sympathy with all our joys and sorrows. And when she chided, in sharp, stinging tones, we knew that love prompted even this, and we listened and obeyed.

Aunt Roxy sat silent over her brown lawn dress, listening to our chatter, but taking no part. Bell was a gay, sprightly girl, full of wit and humor, sparkling in repartee, almost audacious in argument, and somewhat accomplished in music. She might be called, in the language of the society novel, the "belle of the village." There was no girl in Wheatland that could compare with her in beauty or wit. She never failed to attract the attention and win the admiration of strangers. Yet she was only half-conscious of her charms. Perhaps, after all, it was her very unconsciousness, her exuberant happiness—almost infectious—that made her such a favorite with every one.

Hubert Greene, a Harvard student, spending vacation with his uncle, seemed to think each day incomplete in which he did not exchange greetings with Bell. And the lively sallies of wit and sarcasm and good-natured badinage in which they constantly indulged was enough to bewilder slow, sober brains like mine.

This "flirtation," as the envious village girls called it, was of more than ordinary interest on account of the manner of its beginning. The friends of Hubert, immediately upon his arrival, had instituted a spelling-match. Now, spelling was Bell's accomplishment *par excellence*, if we except apple pies. She was all excitement.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Coming from the classic shades of Harvard to the poor little country town of Wheatland and challenging us to spell! I do so hope he will get such a spell of chagrin as he never dreamed of. Modest, I must say. Good taste, too! O Sara! I must beat him!"

It was in rather questionable taste. But afterward we learned that this spelling-match was entirely his uncle's idea, and that Hubert had not been consulted until all the arrangements were made. He was of an easy, pliable temper, and had yielded against his better judgment.

Bell pinned a bow in her hair in just the place to crown her the very incarnation of archness and defiance, and went to the school-house.

A little murmur of excitement went round when

Hubert Greene and Isabel More were chosen on opposite sides, for it was well understood that the interest of the occasion would centre in these two, the Harvard student and the champion speller of the village school, Isabel More.

The prize was a pretty silver vase, which stood on the desk, holding a bunch of spicy carnations.

The captains of the match agreed upon "spelling down." The minister, good Mr. Hinckley, consented to pronounce the words, and, as he had a clear and careful enunciation, it was a happy choice.

The spelling went on very creditably for half an hour. Then the words grew harder and the ranks became thinner and thinner. At last the two were left alone. Bell, cool, graceful, and confident; Greene, graceful, modest, and nervous. Bell spelled her words promptly, but slowly and clearly, as if she knew she was right. Greene began to hesitate. He looked up at the ceiling, blushed, stammered, spelled in a questioning manner, as though in doubt; but he spelled bravely for ten minutes longer.

"Heterodox," pronounced Mr. Hinckley. "H-e-t-e-r-o-d-o-x," spelled Greene. "H-e-t-e-r-o-d-o-x," responded Bell; and the house rang with applause.

I think it was Bell's confidence and coolness that disconcerted him and won the victory. He rallied quickly, however, and took his defeat so gracefully that it somewhat dimmed the lustre of the conquest. He begged the privilege of bestowing the prize upon his fair competitor, which he did in a little speech so felicitous that they were friends from that hour.

Next day he called, and the next, and the next. Of course, we all understood it. He was idling away the bright summer days, enjoying his playtime in such ways as his fancy led. What more natural than that it should lead him to while the hours away in the society of a beautiful and charming girl, who tossed back sparkling wit for his college jokes, and maintained stout argumentative battles without ever losing her temper or ever forgetting to be arch, smiling, and piquant? How could she forget it? Was it not her nature to be frolicsome, sweet, and piquant?

We all understood it, as I said; all but one—he evidently did not—James Wayland. It was a significant fact that he had not been into the house since the evening of the spelling-match.

Poor Jamie! He who had been like an elder brother to us so many years—playmate, school-mate, friend, and, who could doubt it? Bell's true, honest-hearted lover.

There was another little incident that occurred at the spelling-match.

Honest Jamie stood up to spell. He had been the best scholar in the village school in mathematics and industrial drawing, as we all knew,

but he never could spell. Shy and awkward, we always laughed at his blunders.

So when Jamie went down on the word "mischief," the girls tittered; a small boy said "O-o, Shamus!" Hubert put his handkerchief to his face, and Bell's eyes fairly blazed with scorn. I saw that look, and I felt sure that James saw it. I don't think Bell knew how much disgust and impatience was written on her face at that moment. Of course, if it had been anybody else she would not have been roused to scorn.

Then when Hubert showed her so much cavalier attention in his well-bred and nonchalant manner, in so marked contrast to Jamie's rustic awkwardness, I did not wonder that the poor boy shrank into a corner out of sight. But he was no longer a boy, to be sure. No indeed, James Wayland was now twenty-three. His father was dead, and James carried on the fine farm with its great orchards and choice stock of Jerseys. His mother and young sister Lily were proud of him. His neighbors respected him no less for his ability than his integrity, and prophesied for him a career of success and prosperity.

It was an open secret that he had worshiped Bell for years. And Bell? One could scarcely tell what she thought about it. Like the average New England girl, she was most reticent upon matters that lay nearest her heart.

I noticed inferentially, however, that she seemed to be greatly attached to Mrs. Wayland and Lily, while she teased and joked Jamie just as she did all her male friends.

As I said, we had talked a great deal about Hubert Greene this fair June morning while we stitched away on our picnic dresses. And Aunt Roxy sewed and listened. Presently she broke in abruptly with her sharp voice:

"Isabel, what have you done with James Wayland?"

"What have I done with James?" evasively; "why, I haven't murdered him and hid his body in a trunk in the garret. Indeed, Aunt Roxy—"

"You know what I mean, Isabel." She always called her "Isabel" when she was displeased. "What have you done with him? He hasn't been inside these doors goin' on three weeks. Not since that college feller began to come here so free and easy. Afore that he was in an' out every day. He didn't come sparkin' me; an' Sara's got a bean, an' he allers sat and looked at you an' talked to you an' said good-night to you. You'd better think twice, Isabel, before you throw over a fellow like James Wayland. White hands an' fine clothes an' bows an' compliments are all very fine now, but they ain't what a woman can lean on when it comes to the long road up-hill. You jest remember that, Isabel."

Bell flushed and nestled uneasily.

"You are greatly mistaken, Aunt Roxy, if you

think there was ever anything between James and me. There never was, not a word. You wouldn't expect me to marry a man who would be constantly mortifying me with his blunders, would you, Aunt Roxy? Only to think of his spelling *mischief* with a double *s*! I thought I would sink right through the floor!"

She did care then.

"Then he is so clumsy and blushes so in company; he never seems to know what to do with his great hands, and he stammers for the right word when he is talking. Don't talk to me about James. He is a great, uncouth, bulking, ill-natured boy! Would you have me marry a man I would be ashamed of?"

Was this my gentle, merry Bell? this spiteful, passionate, flushed little vixen? Then she had cared for him. I was sure of it now. And she was contrasting him with Hubert Greene. The tears welled up in her eyes. I was sure that the struggle had been a bitter one in her heart, and that her harsh words covered a lingering tenderness for James. But Aunt Roxy was inflexible.

"I suppose all girls are fools," she replied. "I was one myself once. They look at the outside of a man, an' think more of his bein' all polished an' veneered an' varnished, an' all that, than they do of the kind, faithful heart an' the good, honest soul that God loves best. Well, go on, an' perhaps you'll find out when it's too late, as I did, that there is something better than kid gloves an' fancy airs an' smilin' an' smirkin' an' tomfoolery. I suppose all girls are jest sech fools!"

Aunt Roxy went on with her sewing with a defiant air, her lips pursed up into a hard knot, until her face utterly belied her kind, motherly heart.

From a furtive glance at Bell I felt that Aunt Roxy was too severe, for her lips were quivering and she could not see to thread her needle. I tried to make a diversion, to give Bell a chance to recover.

"Oh! please tell us how you made a mistake, Aunt Roxy," I said. "Perhaps we might learn from your experience. It doesn't seem possible, Auntie, that a wise and sensible woman like you could ever have been a giddy girl like us; thinking of lovers and making foolish blunders. Do tell us about it."

I patted and coaxed her till Bell threaded the needle and set the machine humming again. Then Aunt Roxy, with a wave of modest color rising to her wrinkled cheek, consented to unfold the sealed page of her heart's history.

"Yes, Sara, I was jest as young and foolish once as you are; and as good-lookin', too, perhaps, though you mightn't think it. But girls mostly be good-lookin', I suppose, if they're healthy, an' I was a good, strong, rugged girl. I took pride in my work, an' liked to do it up quick an' well. When I was fourteen John came to live at father's till

he was one-and-twenty. Then he was to have a cow, a colt, a hundred dollars, an' a freedom suit. He was two years older than me, jest sech another great, two-listed feller as James Wayland, only a sight clumsier an' bashfuller. An' dear suz! how he did blush! But a kinder-hearted boy never breathed. When anybody was sick he would step as soft as a woman, an' never slam the door, as most men do. An' once when five of us was down with the measles John didn't go to bed for two weeks. I can never forget how gently he lifted me, an' how tender he bathed my poor, aching head. There was nothing clumsy about his great hands then. It was only in prinked-up, starched-up company that he was awkward. He was never awkward about his work, or playin' with the baby. He always nursed little Willie evenings, an' undressed him an' put him to bed. He seemed to love the children as if they were his own brothers an' sisters. Whenever he had a little money of his own he would spend most of it for the children. He never seemed to think of himself, but was always tryin' to make others happy. That's the genooine kind, girls. A woman wants to feel that a man thinks of her comfort first, jest as she does of his. If you're sure of that, 'tain't worth while to insist on his eatin' with a fork an' shinin' up his boots every day. What if some addle-headed girl does make fun of his freckles or his hair, who cares? Well, I cared once. Yes, girls, I was jest fool enough to care what silly folks thought about looks.

"John was nigh onto one-and-twenty, an' I had never dreamed of his makin' love to me. He was always kind an' always helpin' me in a tender sort of way, liftin' my tubs for me, takin' the water-bucket out of my hand, always watchin' and helpin' me. But he was jest so to mother. I used to go about with him to prayer-meetin' and parties an' the like, an' sometimes of a dark night I would take his arm. But John never talked much. I knew he cared more for me than any other girl, but I thought it was like a sister.

"Then along came a city feller, one of that sort who can talk nonsense a week without stoppin', an' make a girl think the moon's made of green cheese. His hands were whiter than mine. He always wore a laundry shirt, with gold buttons in it. His hair was shiny with hair-oil an' curled over his forehead. Oh! how big an' clumsy an' ignorant John did seem beside him! He called John an ox an' I laughed. I wish I hadn't. He invited me to go sleigh-ridin' in a brand new sleigh, with fancy robes an' a string of bells clear round the horses, hired from the livery. I felt as grand as Queen Victory. Oh! I told you I was a fool. I didn't care a row of brass buttons for that counter-jumper, but my head was sorter turned because he took more notice of me than he did of the rest of the girls.

"John was bashful, but he was brave and manly too. There was nothin' sneakin' about John. I went about with my smart beau for a week or two, an' John never seemed to take no notice of it. I told you he wa'n't much of a hand to talk, but I suppose he felt as if he'd like to know what to depend upon; so one night I found a letter slipped under my door. I'm goin' to show you that letter. Nobody ever saw it as I know on but John an' me. But I will let you see it. The spellin' is dreadful an' the writin' ain't much better, but perhaps you'll see that he had a true heart; that was better than fine airs or even a fine education. I didn't think so then."

Aunt Roxy went to her room. Bell sat like one in a vision. She had dropped her work and was looking far off with a rapt look in her luminous eyes, as if the problem of her life was near its solution. She knew well that it was for her sake that Aunt Roxy was opening the tomb of the past and holding up her life's sorrow to our gaze. There was something in the tender grace of Bell's face that presaged hope for James Wayland.

Aunt Roxy returned with a little box we had often seen. She unlocked it, and there lay the letter and a faded rosebud. We sat on either side of her, feeling that her hands alone should touch the sacred relic. Bell drew her arm close about Aunt Roxy and nestled her head on her shoulder.

Slowly and reverently the faded letter was unfolded, and we saw that the ink was yellow with age. The letter was written in a cramped hand, evidently unused to the pen. It was as follows:

"DEER FREND ROXY: i thort i wood tel you that i want you to be my wif. i have thort a good deal about this for a year last past, an' hope when i cood marry it might be you, deer roxy. of late i am afraid you might chuse somebuddy else. i hope not, roxy, for i cannot bear to lose you. i wood try hard to make you happy, roxy, if you cood marry a ruff fellow like me. This is from your true frend and lover,
JOHN SAXE."

"Well, girls," said Aunt Roxy, at length, and her voice sounded dry and husky, "you see the spellin' an' the writin'. I was a good speller in them days, an' took pride in it, too. That very day my city beau had sent me a foolish little letter, all scented up with musk, an' written beautiful an' spelled right. In it he called me a rosebud, and writ some poetry, an' said he was goin' away an' hoped I would not forget him, an' hintin' at an engagement.

"The difference in the two letters didn't seem then as it does now—one all truth and honest love, the other all nonsense. I saw the spellin' an' the writin' then. I forgot how tender the rough hand could be in sickness, an' how generous an' kind the heart was that could not tell all it felt. I wrote a letter an' put it on his table that night. I told him I was sorry I could not love him as he

wished. I would always be his sister an' his friend, but nothin' more.

"In the morning John was dressed to go. In a week he would be twenty-one, an' my father could not refuse to let him go. He asked me to forgive his boldness. He might have known I could not care for a rough, ignorant fellow like him. Then he took my hand an' held it in a close, soft way, as if he couldn't bear to leave me. His lip quivered, an' he says:

"I would ask you for a kiss, Roxy, but if you care for him it wouldn't be right; so good-bye."

"An' then he went away. When he was gone it began to come to me that I loved him. I began to miss him more an' more. I didn't miss that city clerk. I would have given the world to have John back. I thought of nothin' but John, an' how I could not live without him. Then I first learned how women should love when they marry. I thought I would write an' tell him all, but my pride an' shame kept puttin' it off. Then we heard he was sick.

"I told my father I would like to go an' see him. But father said no, it wouldn't be proper, but he would go himself. So father got ready to go, an' mother an' I packed up things to send to him. I didn't sleep any that night. I thought I would go wild. In the mornin', when father got ready to start an' the sleigh was at the door, I went an' put my arms around his neck an' told him I must go. I told him how I loved John—just as my mother loved him—an' all the world could not keep me away from him now.

"Wal, Roxana," says he, 'if you feel that-away, I suppose you must go.'

"So I went. Ah, poor John! How glad he was! An' how close he held me! I told him all. How I did not know my own mind till he was gone, but I was ready to be his wife as soon as he got well.

"But it wasn't to be. He lived a week, an' then he died in my arms. The doctor called it quick consumption. I don't know—sometimes I fear it was a broken heart. But he was happy, oh! so happy, to have me with him. Folks did talk, but what of that. It is the one thing that I thank God for daily, that I was brave enough to go to him and comfort him. It will not be long now before we meet again."

Tears were falling like the summer rain, but not from Aunt Roxy's eyes. Bell had flung herself on her knees, and, with her arms round Aunt Roxy, was sobbing as if her heart would break. I dried my eyes, and Aunt Roxy passed her hand caressingly over the glossy curls on her bosom. Poor Bell!

Half an hour later the summer shower had passed away, leaving a sweet and refreshing moral atmosphere.

Dear Aunt Roxy!

Bell had not resumed her sewing. I began to fear for her pink picnic dress. She was at her desk writing. Presently her small brother, George, was dispatched with a little note in a rose-scented, rose-tinted envelope. Fifteen minutes later, James Wayland came in looking somewhat abashed and uncertain. Bell was herself again, sitting at the machine, her face a little flushed, but tender and sweet. James shook hands with each of us, then sat down by Bell, saying:

"Well, Sonsie"—his pet name for Bell—"here I am. You said business of the utmost importance; so I left my horse-rake standing in the field."

"Hay-making isn't of the slightest consequence compared with this business," Bell archly replied. "You see, Jamie, I was afraid you would forget all about that great picnic to-morrow, and go right on mowing if some kind friend did not put you in mind of it."

"Why, to-morrow is picnic day! I never should have thought of it again!"

So he did not intend to go.

"Sara and I have cooked a wagon-load of goodies and we thought perhaps you would be willing to come over and help carry them to the grove. The basket is too heavy for George."

That is the way she managed it. James, who had looked like a chief mourner at a funeral for a fortnight past, seemed fairly transfigured with happiness. He quite forgot the horses standing in the field as Bell rattled on about the picnic, croquet, dancing, berries and cream, and all that.

When Hubert Greene came over in the gloaming, fresh and dainty in white linen and kid gloves, to offer himself as Bell's especial escort to the picnic and the dance, Bell was "so sorry," but she had just accepted a like offer from Mr. Wayland. No one corrected her, and hinted that Mr. Wayland had accepted her offer. Hubert did not linger long. He seemed to be in a mood of gentle melancholy.

At the picnic James was a boy again, helping everywhere—here to spread the tables, there to fix the swing, now measuring off the croquet-ground, then unloading a wagon-load of children and baskets, tossing babies in the air, and filling little hands with cookies. Only one selfish thing did I see him do all that day. When he helped Bell into his little sail-boat, and his sister Lily and a friend begged to go too, he pushed off the boat and told them to run back and eat some more dinner, they looked hungry—they should go next time.

So they sailed away out on the still bosom of the lake, and while they gathered the water-lilies he told the old, old story. I think she told him all. She was just honest and brave enough. But he was good and manly enough to forgive her, and I was sure when they came back at sunset that

there never would be any more shadows between them.

I think Hubert saw it too, for he was a sensitive, generous fellow, and he was standing near me as Bell came up from the lake leaning on James's arm. She was looking down, a little flushed but very demure, but James was looking at her, and there was no mistaking his expression of fond proprietorship.

I looked at Hubert. He was haggard and pale, but he tried to smile as he said:

"My chances look faint in that direction, Miss Sara."

"It looks so, Mr. Greene. But you have your Greek and law to think of these many years and ought not—"

"Yes, yes; I know I am a fool. You are right. I cannot think of such things now. He's a right good fellow, though."

Early in the morning he came to bid us goodbye. He must go back to his studies, he said. He thanked us all for helping him spend his holidays so pleasantly, hoped we would not forget him in a month, shook hands all round, with Bell last, and hoped she would always be most happy—and was gone. Then James came in. He took Bell's hands in his and kissed her rather solemnly, then asked Aunt Roxy if she had any objections to him for a nephew, gravely kissing her wrinkled cheek.

"Come, Sonsie, get your bonnet and go over and see the mother. She is looking for you," he said. He was never the shy and awkward Jamie again. When they were gone, Aunt Roxy wiped a tear from her eye.

"I am glad I told her that story," she said.

MRS. L. A. B. CURTIS.

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding tells upon the throat, just where a woman who is not over-strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and by and by to their own children, very much as their mothers are now talking to them.

In the highest, holiest type of wife-love there is always a large proportion of mother-love, that kind which finds deeper pleasure in watching over, shielding, guarding, warding off trouble from him in whom is centred a woman's holiest affections than in being watched over and shielded herself. To spend and be spent for him is her chief joy. To watch and nurse is woman's holiest work, not to be pampered, petted, and kept from care and responsibility until she becomes the most useless thing on earth—a helpless baby in a woman's form.

"BIRDIE IN THE HOME-NEST."

"HAVE you not forgotten some one?"

The child had risen from her knees, and lifted her soft brown eyes to her mother's face.

"Have you not forgotten some one?"

A shade of thought fell over the child's countenance as her mother gravely repeated her question.

"Who, mamma?" she asked. Then, before her mother could reply, she said, "Oh! yes, I did forget," and dropping on her knees, clasped her dimpled hands, and, with shut eyes and face upturned, spoke these words to our Father in heaven:

"Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy."

As the gentle young mother kissed her darling she shut her eyelids tightly to keep the tears from falling over her cheeks.

"You must never forget dear papa," said the mother. It was only by an effort that she was able to speak with a steady voice, for her heart was moved by some strong feelings that she wished to hide.

"I won't again," answered the child; and then added, "I don't know what made me forget. I always do pray for him. Oh! I wish he was here to kiss me before I go to sleep! Tell him to kiss me when he comes home, won't you, mamma? Maybe I'll know it in my dreams."

The mother's shut lids would hold the tears no longer. Large, round drops fell on the child's forehead.

"O mother dear!" the little one exclaimed, throwing her arms about her mother's neck, "what makes you cry? Is it because I forgot papa in my prayers? Oh! I'll never forget him again. I can't tell what made me."

For a little while arms were clasped tightly around the child, and her head held closely against her mother's breast. Then good-nights were said, and good-night kisses exchanged. Soon after, the only sound heard in the room was the soft breathing of a child asleep.

For over an hour the young mother sat in the still chamber alone with her little one. Then she went to an adjoining room and sat by an open window, listening to the footsteps that came and went along the pavement, never catching the sound for which her quick ears harkened. Often she sighed, but spoke no word of weariness or complaint.

Another hour passed, when, returning to the room where her child slept, she undressed herself, and, lying down, with an arm under the head and her cheek against the face of her little one, was soon lost in slumber.

All was not right with the young mother. Such tears as she held so closely beneath her shut lids that they might not fall are not tears of joy.

One loved by her, oh! so tenderly—the father of her sweet child—was absent; and always when he was away her heart felt lonely.

Where was he? What held him away from his wife and little one, now that the day was over? Why did the darling of his heart pray for him at bed-time instead of giving him her good-night kiss? Had business taken him to another city? Was he absent at the call of duty? Ah! if we could answer, Yes! But we cannot.

Across the great city, in a room miles away from that in which mother and child slept, half a dozen young men were gathered around a table on which supper had been served. They had eaten and drank, and now sat smoking. Waiters cleared off the table and brought in bottles of wine and glasses.

More wine! Had they not been drinking freely at supper? Yes, too freely. But they who "tarry long at the wine" grow more thirsty the more they drink, until sense and reason are too often drowned.

"Let me fill your glass," said one of the company to a young man, whose clear eyes, calm mouth, and smooth forehead gave no signs of an evil or depraved life. Looking at him, and then at his companions, any one would have seen that he was out of place and in danger.

"Nothing more at present," answered the young man, who had already taken with his supper as much wine as he felt it prudent to drink.

Without heeding this reply, the one who had addressed him filled the young man's glass and also his own.

"To birdie in the home-nest!" he said, lifting his glass.

The young man thus challenged raised the wine, and held it between his eyes and the light.

"To birdie in the home-nest!" Ah! the tempter miscalculated the power of that sentence. He meant evil to the young man, but God had put this thought in his mind that He might use him as an agent of good. Just then birdie in the home-nest was saying, "Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy." And God, who is ever trying to lead the erring into right ways, heard the prayer, as He hears all prayers that true hearts offer up, and answered it in His own best way.

As the young man held up the glass of amber-colored wine to the light he saw in it the picture of a kneeling child. While he looked the face and form grew more and more distinct. He saw the sweet lips move and heard them say, as clearly as if the words had been spoken in his outward ears:

"Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy."

The glass of wine did not touch his lips.

"Not drink to that!" exclaimed his tempter, in surprise, as he saw the untasted wine.

"Thank you for the toast," answered the young man, rising. "I must look to my birdie in the home-nest."

And, bowing to the company, he hastily retired. One laughed, another sneered, and another made

"No more wine for me," said the last speaker, replying to an invitation to fill his glass.

"I've no patience with this kind of stuff," spoke out one of the company, almost angrily. "What has wine been ordered for, if not to drink?"

He who said this was a gambler in the disguise of a friend. He wished to steal away the reason



"O MOTHER DEAR! * * * WHAT MAKES YOU CRY?"—p. 27.

a coarse jest, while a fourth said, with a gravity of manner that was felt by the rest as a rebuke:

"Our young friend is right. His place is at home with his wife and child, and not here. And there are some of us who, in my opinion, might take a lesson from his example."

A dead silence followed. One looked at another, and crimson spots burned on cheeks that had on them no sign of shame a little while before.

and conscience of his young companions with wine that he might rob them of their money at cards.

As he spoke he filled one glass to the brim, and then pushed the bottle toward his neighbor, who filled his glass in turn. But when it came to the third in the circle sitting around the table, he passed it on, leaving his own glass empty. The fourth and fifth filled their glasses. Said the one

who first passed the bottle, lifting his glass as he spoke:

"Here's to good fellowship." And all but one repeated his toast and drank as he drank. Then the third in the circle filled his glass with water, and rising, said, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Here's to birdie in the home-nest."

Frowns darkened on his companions' faces. Raising the water to his lips he drank it slowly. As he set down the empty glass he looked at the angry face of the gambler, whose real character he more than half suspected, and, bowing slightly, said:

"I also thank you for that toast, and I also will look to my birdie in the home-nest."

Then, bowing low to all the company, he left the room, the sound of curses in his ears as he shut the door.

The young man whose refusal to drink any more had first broken in that company the charmed circle of danger walked hurriedly away, turning his steps homeward. He was, as we have said, miles distant, and at the opposite extremity of a great city. Hurriedly he walked at first; then his steps grew slower and his head was bent down, for painful and self-condemning thoughts were in his mind. An omnibus passed; it would have taken him, in less than an hour, within a few streets of his home. Why did he let it go by unheeded? Was thought so busy that he had forgotten he could ride?

No; that was not the reason. He had drank too freely at the supper-table, and he knew that his breath was tainted with liquor; and now that a new light had come into his mind, and he saw, as in a mirror, a true image of himself, he was shocked to discover that he was less a true man than in the days past, and less worthy to bear the name of husband and father. This was the reason why his steps were slow and his head bowed down; and the reason why he did not take the bus and pass quickly homeward. He shrank from the thought of laying his tainted lips upon the pure brow and lips of his wife and child, and so revealing to them that weak and sensual side of his character that was holding him back from a nobler and purer life than the one he was living.

Slowly he continued to walk, still with bowed head and busy thoughts and memories. Suddenly there came before him, even more clearly, if possible, than when he saw it in the amber wine, the image of his kneeling child, and again the voice, so full of sweet music for his ears, was heard with strange distinctness, saying:

"Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy."

Could God have answered the petition of that loving child for her father in any better or more effectual way? He could not make him good and happy except through repentance and a better

life; but He could make the prayer a means of conviction and repentance. So the good Lord often uses us, whether we are children or grown-up men and women, and uses us by thousands of different ways, in the work of leading others from evil courses into paths of virtue and peace; for, in some way that we do not clearly understand, our loving desires actually pass to others and move their hearts. Our influence over those we love, even when they are away from us, will be for good if we pray with *sincere* hearts. We shall be as magnets, continually drawing them back from evil. Our love and our prayers will go after them as angels of mercy.

The image of his kneeling child, seen again so distinctly, and her sweet voice lifted heavenward in prayer for him, heard again with such startling clearness, so touched the father's heart that he clasped his hands passionately together, and, looking upward, exclaimed:

"O Lord! I am not worthy of anything so pure and precious as this child—one of the little ones whose angels are ever before Thy face."

A deep quiet fell upon his soul as he bowed his head once more and walked, still moving slowly, onward. And now, contrasted with the innocence and sweetness of his wife and child, stood out before him an image of himself that made shame-spots burn on his cheeks as if fire had touched them. They so loving and unselfish, so true to him in all things, and he so selfish and worldly, yielding to gross appetites, and giving his thoughts to what was mean and sensual instead of to things good and noble!

"Give me strength to lead a new and better life," he prayed as he moved along the street. "This night I have turned my back upon the evil that was opening its jaws to devour me. This night I set my feet in a new way. Let Thy power, O Lord, keep me, and I shall be safe!"

Home at last. It had taken him nearly two hours from the time he turned so resolutely away from his dissolute companions. Entering very quietly, he went first to the bath-room, where he washed his hands and face and carefully cleansed his mouth, to remove, if possible, all smell of liquor or tobacco-smoke.

How silent it was! How strangely he felt! Softly he opened the chamber-door and stood in the presence of his wife and child. How peacefully they slept! Their faces lay close together, both so young and fresh, so tender and sweet, that they looked like sisters instead of mother and child.

A little while he remained bending above them. Great waves of tenderness came sweeping over his heart. They had never seemed so lovely and precious. Stooping at length, for he could no longer restrain himself—he touched his lips to the fair forehead of his wife. She moved slightly, but

did not awake. Then he kissed the little one who had said, ere she went to sleep, "Tell him to kiss me when he comes home, won't you, mamma? Maybe I'll know it in my dreams."

While yet the touch of his lips was warm on her lips a glad light flooded her countenance. As the light faded slowly off, her lips moved, and she said, still sleeping, yet speaking out clearly:

"Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy."

The father's heart was too strongly moved already to bear this without losing his self-control. A sob heaved his breast. Then, clasping his arms about his sleeping treasures, he hugged them passionately to his heart.

"God bless you and keep me from all evil, and make me worthy of you, my darlings!"

This was the sentence, spoken in fervent tones, that met the ears of his waking wife and child.

We cannot picture in words the joy which filled the young wife's heart when the full meaning of all this came, like a great light, into her soul.

She never sat lonely in the night watches again, waiting with a shadowed spirit for the loved but absent one, in fear of the very thoughts that went out after him. And few and far between were the times that the little "birdie" of their home asked that a kiss might be given which she could feel only in her dreams.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THEY that govern most make least noise.

MELANCHTHON was reproached by some one with changing his views. "Do you think, sir," replied he, "that I have been studying assiduously for thirty years without having learned anything?"

NATURE, whose decree it is that every passing thought and emotion, every lapsing year, every illness, every grief, shall write itself legibly on face and form, takes care that nothing shall counteract her design. No arts are so sure to be baffled and exposed as cosmetic arts.

BRIGHT and delicate colors are naturally agreeable to the eye and conducive of cheerfulness; so much so that many persons, not willing to prolong the pain of sorrow, dislike to wear mourning, simply because of its influence on the spirits. To natures thus impressive any dark uniformity of dress is unpleasing; they do not like even to invite guests who will be sure to come in gloomy colors. Bright tints are the natural symbols of joy, hope, gayety, and the susceptible love none other. Their sensitiveness confesses the need of these among other defenses against the insidious, creeping gloom of life, which ever threatens us, as the sands of Egypt every open space left unguarded.

"THE CHARITY WHICH THINKETH NO EVIL."

"ANNETTY! Annetty! do come here, quick! Ain't that Mrs. Hollis? And she's got on a brand new silk dress, as sure as I'm alive! Come here, Roxy—do see Mrs. Hollis's new silk dress! Well, well! and her husband in the army and these dreadful war times! She's an awful extravagant woman, and it wouldn't be no wonder to me if her husband should be killed and her children come to want. Proud, perked-up thing! And her two little girls going to school with new dresses on, too, only the other day. Them children always look as if they'd just jumped out of a bandbox. I don't see where she gets her money, for her husband was only a doctor before he went to the army, and your pa says he won't never get fifteen cents on the dollar of what was owing him when he went away, and a captain's pay ain't much. Well, doctors never expect to get half they charge, and especially now these awful war times have come, I'm sure I can't expect to pay anything more on my bill! Nine chances in ten Dr. Hollis never comes back, and I don't think I shall distress myself to pay our hard-earned money over to that stuck-up woman, flaunting around in her silks and laces! Girls, do go back to your ironing! I'm going to run in to Mrs. Carpenter's and see what she thinks about it."

And Mrs. White took her embroidery, adjusted her spectacles more firmly over her black, beady eyes, and started forth. Arrived at Mrs. Carpenter's, she repeated the remarks just made to her daughters.

"I think you must be mistaken, Mrs. White," said Mrs. Carpenter, at the close of the story, "you know Mrs. Hollis and I are very dear friends, and I am there very often. I am quite sure I should know it if she had been getting a new silk."

"I didn't know she was such a very dear friend of yours, but I'm sure I know what I see with my own eyes!" retorted Mrs. White, bristling up. "Not half an hour ago she passed my house with it on—sweeping along, glittering in the sun; guess I know silk when I see it—kind of a chestnut with crimson overshot satin figures on it. And she had on a black lace bonnet, all flum-did-dled up with flowers and bugles."

"O Mrs. White!" exclaimed Mrs. Carpenter, with a little gurgle of laughter. Then sobering at Mrs. White's look of surprise, she said, solemnly:

"Can you keep a secret, Mrs. White? Because I will tell you one if you can, but I don't want it known, for I am always ashamed to be tittle-tattling about my neighbors."

Mrs. White cast a sharp look over her specta-

cles at the innocent face opposite, turned a little uneasily in her chair, and said:

"You needn't be none afraid of my telling anything I ought not to. But some things does seem—"

"Very well," interrupted Mrs. Carpenter, "do you remember a peculiar dress that Dr. Hollis brought home to his wife three or four years ago when he returned home from the South—a brocaded wool and linen goods, a brown and crimson combination? I know Mrs. Hollis thought it almost too showy, but her husband admired it so much that she wore it to please him. I think you must remember, for I know you asked her for a piece to make a pincushion one day when she was making it. When the dress had been worn enough to satisfy her husband, Mrs. Hollis hung it away to satisfy herself. But the other day she took it out and ripped it all apart, intending to make her little girls some dresses of it, for she dresses her little ones so neatly by using for them her own partly worn garments, which, of course, are generally of finer material than we would buy for growing children. But when I saw the wrong side I said, 'O Bessie!—for you know we were girls together and like sisters—why don't you just change the manner of cutting a little, to follow the present fashion, and make it right over, wrong side out?' She looked at it a minute, at the pretty new-looking brown background with its little crimson flower, and said, 'I'll do it! it's a great deal the prettiest side; why didn't I think of that when poor Harry first got it?' So she and I went to work, and the result was the handsome dress that you thought was silk. As for the new bonnet—Mrs. White, what did you pay for the new bonnet that I saw you have on at church last Sunday?—if you will excuse the question."

"Why, I paid four dollars for it. I thought as it was war times I couldn't afford anything very expensive."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Carpenter, "Mrs. Hollis's bonnet cost her just ninety cents—the price of the crimson moss rose-buds that you saw upon it. The bonnet was made entirely by her own fingers, from an old lace veil and some bits of edging that she has had for years. I hate to tell you this, for I think it mean to meddle with people's private affairs and gossip about them. But I have done this only to show you how far from extravagant Mrs. Hollis is, and I am sure you will honor her for her wise economy as much as I do. And, my dear Mrs. White, please remember that charity which thinketh no evil."

Mrs. White said she was sorry, she had been mistaken, and went home. She walked straight through the dining-room without answering Roxy's, "Well, ma, what did she say?" through the sitting-room into her bed-room, and shut the door.

Then she went to her bureau, took up a pincushion, took off her glasses and rubbed them, sat down by the window and ripped the cover of the cushion loose. She held it up to the light and looked at both sides sharply.

"Well, I wouldn't a-believed cloth could be so deceivin'. I must say she's a master hand at contrivin'. But she needn't be so stuck up, with her turned-over finery. I shall just mention it to Mrs. Perkins when I go in there this evening."

"It does seem to me that the crying evil of this age is show! From the babies, with their frills and laces and embroidery, up to old Aunt Charity Brown, with a purple flower in her bonnet, at church, and she a bent, wrinkled old creature, that ought to have her mind set on the heavenly shore instead of the folly of this wicked world. I think it's my duty to talk to her! Purple flowers! and she seventy if she's a day!"

And with a sniff of disapproval Mrs. Stearns, wife of the Rev. Adolphus Stearns, D. D., knit vigorously on her husband's gray woolen sock and cast a stern glance at Mrs. Allan.

"Now for my part," continued Mrs. Stearns, "I believe in use and not show! When I buy goods for my children's clothes I ask, 'Will it wash?' and not, 'Is it the style?' or 'Is it the prettiest?' And when I make my girls' dresses and aprons I don't cover them all over with ruffles and trimming, and plant the seeds of vanity in them. No, indeed! they get a plain hem, and that is the end of it! I won't have them thinking of their clothes and looks all the time. 'Vanity is born of the devil,' and 'Beauty is only skin-deep!' Now there is my Jane—the one with such curly hair. I saw her twisting her long curls over her finger and calling her sister to see if they didn't look pretty, shining in the sun. I just called her right to me and snipped them all off, close to her head, and put them into the fire. She cried a good deal, but I won't bring up a lot of silly, dolly girls! I mean to make my girls sensible!"

"I wonder why the Lord made curly hair, if it's wicked to wear curls," said Mrs. Allan.

"Just a temptation," replied Mrs. Stearns, "to teach us to resist Satan. Don't the Bible tell us, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Allan, "the Bible does use that form of words, but in the teachings of the Church to which I belong we are not taught to think of it as having a literal meaning, but only as a figure of speech, meaning that when we find ourselves seeing things falsely we are to resist that evil inclination until it is plucked out of our will; and if we find ourselves doing evil, acting from evil impulses or an ungodly desire, we are to cast out those desires and impulses and destroy them."

"Oh! yes, your people are always fixing up the

Bible and making it mean something else that common folks can't understand. But the plain common Bible and faith in the blood of Jesus shed for us poor sinners is good enough for me. My Adolphus says they would be heretics if they wasn't lunatics. I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Allan, for being so plain-spoken, but I always speak right out, and my dear husband says he has read some in the Swedenborg books that you believe in, and it is plain to be seen that Swedenborg was out of his head, and anybody that can believe such things must have something wrong in their minds. He says *he* can't see head or point to it. But still, he does not condemn them. He's very charitable, Mr. Stearns is; he says a great many are only self-deceived and may yet be saved, if they will only have faith to believe—only put away the vanities of this evil world and have faith in the blood shed upon the cross!"

And Mrs. Stearns drew down the corners of her mouth and looked as if "saving faith" were rather an unpalatable dose.

"They tell me, Mrs. Allan, that your Church refused to do anything toward the missionary boxes that are to be sent abroad to the heathen from the Primtown churches. It seems to me a very selfish and bigoted thing to do, but I suppose they can't join in common work with common people. Now, I just laid aside my own work and sewed night and day, until I was so worn out that I was hardly able to creep around for a week afterward, and just turned the children off with what they could get to eat, and baby took a cold that he hasn't got over yet—he had to crawl around the floor so much before we had time to shake the carpet and get the stove up. But I believe in the spirit of self-sacrifice! I couldn't help thinking, Mrs. Allan, that if you had put a little less time into your girl's flounced suit and made up a few garments for our box it would have been a better use of time."

Mrs. Allan flushed a little as she answered, "I can't feel that I am wasting my time when I am working to make my family comfortable and happy. Besides, I believe, literally, that 'Charity begins at home,' and that I cannot have a duty abroad as long as I have neglected duties at home. I always try to aid all worthy objects as far as I am able, and perhaps I have a right to add that by using my time and skill in making that objectionable suit for Agnes, from two remnants that would otherwise have been useless, I was able to save the price of the new goods to devote to uses of charity. But it seems to me, Mrs. Stearns, that while giving in charity our money and time we should not forget that better charity which thinketh no evil!"

Then Mrs. Allan took her departure, meeting poor little, shorn Jane and her sister, with their plain, straight aprons and coarse shoes and stock-

ings, just coming home from school. Little Jane had evidently been crying.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" asked Mrs. Allan, taking the little, tear-wet face in her warm hands and kissing the white forehead. At her question the tears came again, but she did not reply.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Allan," said her sister Ellen, as her black eyes snapped. "Ma went and cut off all her hair, and the boys make fun of her and call her Bobby, and we both looked bad enough before! Ma never lets us have things like the rest—she says it's wicked to have things nice and pretty like the other girls, and I heard Annie Lee tell Mary Ellis to-day that she wasn't going to ask us to her party because our mother thought it was wicked to play, and always kept us looking like a couple of scarecrows with hymn-books in their hands, and then all the girls laughed. I slapped Annie Lee good, and told her we didn't want to go to her old party, and she said, 'Oh! no, of course not, for our mother would be afraid to let us eat anything but bread and molasses, for fear it would make us sick.' Sometimes I just wish we was dead!"

Mrs. Allan looked at the flushed little face and angry eyes, and thought of vanity and the missionary box, as set forth by Mrs. Stearns, as she spoke some comforting words to the aching little hearts and turned away with a pain in her own. And when she entered her own tidy home and was met by her own neatly dressed, happy-faced little ones she thought, "Truly, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life!'"

FAUSTINE.

A DESERVED REPROOF.—Even in this degenerate age there are still left some ladies who know what is due to their own dignity. We give an anecdote illustrating this: A certain gentleman had for some time admired a certain lady without knowing her. She had been informed that he desired to know her, and it chanced one day that they met at a house of a friend and were introduced. Exhibiting his sudden sense of satisfaction at the encounter, he darted eagerly forward, and with hands extended, exclaimed, "Happy to meet you, Miss F—; delighted to make your acquaintance." The lady suffered the pendent hand to lie before her, as she replied, "You haven't made it yet, sir," giving him to understand that the acquaintance of a lady is not made from a single introduction, nor is her hand to be shaken as if it were a Chinese puzzle. It is to be hoped that the over-bold youth profited by the lesson.

GIVE your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good hard work every day if you wish to maintain it in a high state of healthy activity.

"THAT WITCHETH ALL FOR GOOD."

MRS. ARAMINTA DYKANDYKE, calling on her school-friend for the first time since she became Mrs. Royal, surveyed her surroundings curiously, critically, while awaiting the little lady's appearance. The longer she gazed upon what she considered an open confession of poverty, the loftier grew her scorn. That Alce Brown, with her floating hair and wild-rose bloom, should have come to this! She, plain as she was, poor as she still imagined herself to be, had no doubt drawn a much higher prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Truth to tell, there was a good deal the matter with Mrs. Araminta Dykandyke, as shall shortly be proven, and nothing at all the matter with the apartment around which she gazed so superciliously. To be sure, it was inexpensively furnished, yet most people declared it "the prettiest little parlor they ever did spy." Let me hold up the picture as it was held before me. It may give young beginners some helpful, happy hints.

It was papered with hardware paper in soft, gray shades; it had two Shaker chairs, tied with red ribbons, and some folding carpet-chairs in moss-green tints. In the centre of the floor was a rag-carpet, laid down like a rug. The rugs had been carefully selected, and a shopkeeper's remnant-basket furnished a harlequin-fringe not in the least detracting from its general prettiness. The curtains were a ten-cent chintz that would never bear washing, but as long as its good, clear Indian-red gave a finish to the room few inspected the quality. The cloth on the small table was of crash, coarsely embroidered in crewels where the seams came together and to form a bordering. The low bookshelves were of pine, finished with shellac and fitted in a recess, so as not to require any cabinet-making. There was a nest of mirrors over the mantel, and underneath an open grate, brimming with dried grass and autumn leaves. Last, not least, a rattan lounge tied with bright ribbons, and a comfortable, red chintz pillow made the room complete as to the furnishing. There were a few additional touches, evidently bridal presents, in the way of two oil paintings, sea and land views, brackets with a tiny marble Cupid and other dainty knick-knacks on them, a bouquet-table with vase and flowers, and finally, a bunch of rainbow-eyed peacock feathers, set against the soft, gray wall.

Mrs. Royal was not many minutes obeying her neat little maid-servant's summons to the parlor. And, let me tell you, her breezy presence made the room complete, although Mrs. Dykandyke was more than ever taken aback. That one whose honeymoon of wifehood was scarcely on the wane should appear before a caller in a seersucker and an apron was absolutely on a par with barbarism.

To be sure, the seersucker was a pinky pink, the apron a dainty white dot, and Mrs. Royal, with her golden hair in a golden net, and her eyes as bright as purple violets cradling dewdrops and sunbeams in their velvet hearts, looked the good house-fairy that she was. Yet, for all that, this utter disregard of conventionalities almost threw Mrs. Dykandyke into spasms.

"We have drifted apart since my marriage two years ago," remarked the lady who had been Araminta Case, after they had kissed and exchanged congratulatory greetings, "and I should not have called had I not been positively assured there were no cards. I am delighted to see you looking so well and so happy, dear; but, excuse me, I thought Mr. Royal was in comfortable circumstances."

"He considers himself one of the richest men in the world," replied the young wife, the dewdrops and sunbeams dancing in her eyes.

"Of course, my love, possessing you he is. You always have been a treasure and always will be, Alce, but—"

Then, amidst profuse apologies, Mrs. Dykandyke went on to say something to the effect that she was afraid her friend had thrown herself away, concluding with: "I can't help seeing how you live, you know," with a comprehensive glance around the apartment. "In your father's house everything is so different."

Away down in the depths of her tender heart Mrs. Royal heaved a sigh. Yes, everything was different in her father's house. Life there was a splendid sham, a gilded bubble ready to burst if but one creditor put so much as a finger upon it. She remembered well how the thousand dollar check so conspicuous among her wedding presents was afterward confiscated by the paternal Brown to pay several pressing bills. She could not tell her friend this, however, so she said, cheerily:

"You speak and look as though I ought to be pitied, Ara. Why, I'm the happiest creature alive, and my home a second Paradise." Then, in order to clinch these assertions, she took her friend all through the house. "I haven't got many things I might have had had not Will and I resolved not to receive wedding presents outside of our own immediate families, and, in addition to that, determinedly regulated every purchase." She remarked further, as they left the sweet simplicity of those upper chambers with their stained floors, home-made rugs, and drift-of-snow beds for the lower floor: "We could have had solid silver and all that sort of thing, only we thought we might on some future occasion feel embarrassed by not being able to return their full value. So, as you see, everything is plain, and many things home-made, yet all the more precious."

They had entered the parlor again over whose floor shadows of rose lines came and went like

the waves of some fairy sea, and where the air was perfumed with the heliotrope's purple and the mignonette's bronzy-green blossoms that overhung the rustic stand on the porch outside the windows.

"Sis wanted to give me a bookcase," continued Alce Royal, surveying her precious volumes fondly, "but Will and his brother Courtland together put up these shelves, and I like them ever so much. Then they two built this frame with its compartments over the mantel, and set these squares of looking-glass at the back, making a divided mirror. I think it's one of the prettiest novelties I ever laid eyes on."

Certainly it was, Alce Royal, even without the reflection of that sweet face of yours with its wild-rose bloom and glints o' gold hair. With these it was assuredly a marvel of beauty.

"Then, in spite of innumerable directions in how-I-furnished-my-room articles, I found we couldn't make a comfortable sofa without springs and considerable upholstery, so we bought this rattan lounge. In cold weather my silk quilt will do nicely for both under and upper cover."

All this was very well to listen to, especially as Mrs. Royal was continually making pictures of herself in her pink dress and bit of an apron, and with her bright eyes, red lips, and glint o' gold hair. Now she stood near the Indian-red curtains, now under the mirror's flash, and again where leaf-colors blazed in the open grate, but Araminta Dykandyke was not satisfied with these dissolving views, fascinating though they were.

She was exceedingly curious to know how her friend, who had always moved in brilliant circles, and who was married to a man whom she supposed was in easy circumstances, came to be reduced to so pitiful a strait as this in which she found her.

Pressing the question, she learned that the year previous Will Royal had honorably failed in business and now occupied a position as clerk in a wholesale dry goods store. The young couple, who had been looking forward to a far different future, and whose wedding-day was appointed before "all was lost but honor," concluding they could better wait for wealth than for happiness, were married at the hour named, just as though nothing had occurred to mar their plans.

"Aunt Alce, for whom I was named," continued Mrs. Royal, "gave me this beautiful cottage, but vowed she'd do no more. Having no rent to make up, we can live snugly, pay as we go, and put by a little—sometimes it's a very little—for a rainy day."

"But after all, now confess, Alce, doesn't it take a vast amount of courage to live this way?" inquired Mrs. Dykandyke, with a singularly eager look in her dark eyes.

"Nothing like the amount of courage it takes

to run into debt and meet greedy creditors on every hand," replied Mrs. Royal, emphatically.

Her friend was positive "the bow was drawn at a venture." Nevertheless, she turned her face square toward the window to hide the flame blazing out on her cheeks—the arrow had struck home. Although she hurried her departure the tell-tale color still burned as she passed through the vine-entangled gate and out upon the street.

Seated in a passenger-car and riding homeward she felt herself "a captive, bound and double-ironed." Then, concluding it couldn't be helped, threw off the impression, and began wondering how she should have her silk dress made, and whether or not to have old gold color in the new carpets. She rather thought old gold was going down.

Meanwhile, Alce Royal sat in her cozy sewing-room, arranging a rustic Christmas ornament, with a real bird's nest swinging in the centre.

"I can't imagine what ails Ara," she remarked to her husband, on his return that night. "Judging from all I ever heard or saw, she has everything heart can wish, yet she looks so discontented and unhappy. There's even a wrinkle or two around her eyes and she's only twenty-one—a year and six months older than I. I'll get her to come here often and see if she won't fall in love with our home and home-ways."

"This wife of mine's a jewel," replied handsome Will Royal, slipping off Alce's golden net and letting her hair sweep like a sun-burnished cloud over her girlish shoulders. "She could make a body fall in love with a charcoal burner's hut."

"A lonely household fairy she,

That "witcheth all for good.""

MADGE CARROL.

REAL HELP.—It is not half so much what we do for another as what we enable him to do for himself, that is of value to him. Instead of giving money to the poor, if we put them in the way of earning it; instead of cramming the pupil with information, if we induce him to seek it himself; instead of legislating upon the amusements and habits of the people, if we lead them to control them for themselves according to their needs; instead of insisting that they should follow our path, if we aid them to carve out a path for themselves, we shall have done them incalculably more service.

TO FORBEAR is to refrain from doing or saying something which impulse had prompted us to do or say; it is the conquest of wiser second thought over first desires; it is the curbing of anger or indignation, the stern self-discipline that represses the hasty judgment, the unkind criticism, the uncharitable interpretation, the cutting reply. Thus it implies restraint and force, and is the fruit of active energy, not of passivity or weakness.

THE BURIAL-PLACES OF OUR DEAD PRESIDENTS.*

THE Presidents of the United States who are dead are nearly all buried in the neighborhood of the homes which they occupied.

Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon, is known to all the world. John Adams and John Quincy Adams lie beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Massachusetts. The coffins are of lead, placed in cases hewn from solid blocks of granite. Their wives are buried with them. John Adams died on the same day with Jefferson, a strange coincidence itself, but, stranger still, it was the Fourth of July, 1826, just half a century after the Declaration of Independence which they had joined in making. Divided bitterly in their lives, but reconciled in some degree as their years drew to a close, they quitted the stage of action side by side. Jefferson, like his compatriot, was buried in his family ground—by his home at Monticello. He had set down on the fly-leaf of an old account-book his wishes concerning it. "Choose," his memorandum said, "some unfrequented vale in the park, where is no sound to break the stillness but a brook that bubbling winds among the woods. * * * Let it be among ancient and venerable oaks; intersperse some gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half to the use of my family, the other to strangers, servants, etc. Let the exit look upon a small and distant part of the Blue Mountains." These directions were substantially carried out. A little inclosure, containing some thirty graves, stands among the woods on the road that leads from Charlottesville to Monticello, and a granite obelisk, much clipped by relic-taking visitors, marks the grave of the ex-President.

In the same part of Virginia, in a small inclosure near his home of Montpelier, lies the successor of Jefferson, Madison, the fourth President. Beside him is buried his wife, who died in 1849, surviving him almost thirty years, and two nephews. Two other Virginia Presidents, Monroe and Tyler, lie within a few feet of each other in the fine cemetery of Hollywood, at Richmond. Strangely enough, Monroe's death, like those of John Adams and Jefferson, fell upon the Fourth of July. He, too—in 1831, five years after his great elders—marked the nation's birthday by his close. He died in New York, a poor man, and his remains were entombed there until, in 1858, the Legislature of Virginia removed them to Hollywood and placed them in a substantial vault, marked by a Gothic temple on a foundation of Virginia granite. Tyler's grave, near by, is scarcely marked at all; a little mound, with a magnolia tree at the head, is pointed out as the spot.

The three Tennessee Presidents went back to the

places where they had dwelt for their long rest. Jackson is buried at his home, the Hermitage, near Nashville, his wife beside him. A massive monument of Tennessee granite marks the place. Polk is buried at Nashville, at the old family homestead. He survived Jackson only four years, dying in 1849. The grave is handsomely inclosed, and a block, twelve feet square by twelve feet in height, bears the inscriptions. Andrew Johnson's grave is at Greenville, on a spot selected by himself. His three sons have erected a handsome monument of marble upon a base of granite. It bears numerous patriotic emblems—a flag, an eagle, the scroll of the Constitution, etc.—while the inscription declares: "His faith in the people never wavered." Martin Van Buren lies in the village cemetery at Kinderhook, New York, in a family lot, his resting-place marked by a modest granite shaft. He died in the summer of 1862, when the civil war was rising to its height. His successor, Harrison, was buried at his old home at North Bend, on the Ohio River, a few miles below Cincinnati. An unfenced mound over a family vault, formerly neglected, but recently more carefully kept, marks the spot.

The dust of Zachary Taylor is now buried in the cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky, after several removals. Millard Fillmore's grave is at Forest Lawn Cemetery, three miles from Buffalo, and that of Pierce in the old cemetery in Concord, New Hampshire. Buchanan is buried at Woodward Hill Cemetery, near Lancaster, Pa. He died in 1868, a year earlier than Pierce.

The most magnificent of all the memorials to the dead Presidents is that over the resting-place of Lincoln, in the Oak Ridge Cemetery, at Springfield, Illinois. It was dedicated in 1874. Its cost is said to have been \$250,000. His companion in history—Garfield—untimely victim, like himself, of the assassin's bullet, and the latest dead of the eighteen Presidents who have passed away, is buried in Lake View Cemetery, at Cleveland, Ohio, where in time a monument comparable with that of Lincoln is expected to rise.

Thus of the eighteen dead Presidents, two only lie in one spot. Two are buried in Massachusetts, two in New York, five in Virginia, three in Tennessee, two in Ohio, and one each in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Illinois. Eight lie in private grounds, or family burial-places—as the case of the Adamases, at Quincy. There is no Valhalla, no Westminster Abbey, no public ground belonging to the nation. The Presidents went, in the end, to the citizenship that they sprung from, to the equality of the final repose.

WRONG-DOING is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

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THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sudden appearance of the woman, her singular conduct, and mysterious departure, were new facts in the strange series of events that were almost bewildering in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. Something in this woman's manner had strongly impressed them both, and now when they thought of her it was with a certain sense of constraint, as if she were present and closely observing their actions. That she bore some kind of relationship to the child was no longer a question in their thoughts; and it was equally clear that her visit was by no means accidental or purposeless.

A pressure on the feelings was a natural consequence; not so much a troubled pressure as a certain thoughtful sobriety favorable to self-control and productive of wiser counsels in the minds of both the carpenter and his quick-tempered wife. Each had need of a preparation like this, for the day was to prove one of more than ordinary trial.

From some cause Andrew, their oldest boy, naturally of an exceedingly perverse temper, was ill-natured and quarrelsome beyond his wont on this particular morning. Since rising he had not ceased to interfere with Lucy and Philip, and this created a strife among the three, which the mother vainly sought to subdue. Not until the father, with a stern threat and a smart blow, commanded the overbearing lad to cease from his annoyance of his brother and sister was the discord abated. But the evil in the boy's heart remained as strong as ever. Only the fear of instant punishment kept down the spirit of rebellion.

Soon after his father left for the shop his mother said to him:

"Andrew, go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice; and go quickly, for it's nearly school-time now."

"Where's the money?" Andrew spoke very rudely.

"Never mind the money," said Mrs. Harding. "Go and do as I tell you."

"Tain't no use. Mr. Willits said yesterday that you needn't send for trust any more."

"Go this minute, you little—"

The angry mother caught the profane epithet just leaping from her tongue and kept it back from utterance.

"Tain't no use, I tell you," persisted Andrew. "He said—"

"Off with you this instant!"

And Mrs. Harding, unable to restrain her indignation, made two or three rapid strides toward the boy, who, seeing from her face that he was in danger, darted from the house and went off toward the store. After being gone long enough to have

done the errand twice, he came loitering back without the articles for which he had been sent.

"Where's the sugar and rice?" asked his mother, looking at him sternly as he came in.

"I told you so," was his irritating reply.

"Told me what?" said Mrs. Harding.

"Why, that you needn't send there for trust any more."

"Have you been to Mr. Willits's?" asked his mother, growing suddenly calm, and speaking very firmly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," was the unhesitating answer.

"And you saw Mr. Willits?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And asked him for the sugar and rice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know where my money was, and when I said I had none, he told me to go home and tell you that he didn't charge things any more."

All this was spoken by Andrew with a steady voice and eye, and in a manner that ill concealed a spirit of triumph.

For a little while a tempest of indignant anger raged in the breast of Mrs. Harding.

"He'll be sorry for that, or I am not a living woman!" she muttered to herself, as soon as a little self-possession was obtained and thought ran partially clear once more. "Here's the money," she added aloud, speaking to Andrew, as she drew from her pocket some change; "go back as swift as your legs will carry you and get two pounds of rice and two pounds of sugar."

The boy took the money, and again went loitering indifferently away, but ere he had gone ten paces a switch was laid smartly over his shoulders by his mother, who could no longer control her anger against him. The effect was all she wished to produce. He sprang from her like a frightened young deer and ran the whole distance to the store. In returning, he resumed the old pace and managed to get back at least half an hour after school-time.

"It's so late now, mother; can't I stay at home to-day?" This was his response to a hurried order to start off immediately for school.

"Mr. Long will keep me in."

"I don't care if he does. It will serve you right. No; you can't stay home."

The lad threw himself down on the door-step and began to cry.

Poor Mrs. Harding! Notwithstanding the influence of recent events, the causes of irritation were too many and too strong for her. Almost since daylight had this perverse boy been making assaults upon her patience. Several times she had lost the self-control which she was struggling to maintain, and given way to bursts of passion,

and as often had she striven to force back into quietude the disturbed impulses that darkened her spirit. Now her pent-up anger blazed forth like a fierce flame. Seizing a stout switch, she sprung toward Andrew and commenced lashing him with all her strength. Her countenance was that of a fury. For a short time Andrew, who had great powers of endurance, bore the smarting strokes, thinking to tire his mother out; but in this he was mistaken. She was possessed of cruel spirits, and, in the blind passion with which they inspired her, would have struck on, even to the endangering of his life. At last, with a yell of pain that sounded more like the cry of some animal than a human being, Andrew started up from the door-step and ran off beyond the reach of his mother's arm.

"Now, away to school with you, or I'll give you as much more!" cried Mrs. Harding, as she moved resolutely toward the place where Andrew paused on getting out of her way.

Finding that contention with his mother under present circumstances was rather too serious a business, the boy yielded to forces that he was not able to resist and started off for school, conquered, but not subdued. The fire of his mother's anger had hardened instead of softening him. Rebellion grew rank in his young breast; and no sooner was he out of sight than he sat down on the roadside to deliberate on the question of going to school or playing the truant.

It was some time after Mrs. Harding returned into the house before she was sufficiently calm to reflect at all. The storm, though brief, had raged fiercely, and sad were the wrecks it left behind—wrecks of peace and good resolutions. Never in her life had she suffered such intense mental pain as now—never experienced a state of mind so sad and self-condemnatory. New and better states had been forming, and they had brought her within the sphere of higher and holier influences. It was violence to these which occasioned such anguish of spirit. Good, which had gained a place in her heart, might be overshadowed, but not cast out. When the storm raged it could retire and hide itself far down in the calmer depths of her spirit, to come into perception again when the tempest abated. And thus it was now. The good was hidden, not extinguished, and its low voice was heard as soon as the wild shrieking of the storm was silent. It was not strong enough to contend with evil when evil had full sway; but, like the sunshine and the gentle dews, it possessed a restoring and creating power, and, like them, in the peaceful days and quiet nights it went on with its heavenly work of restoration and recreation.

What a deep calm reigned in the household as Mrs. Harding came back among her younger children, who received her with frightened looks and went shrinking away into distant corners—a calm-

ness which, by its contrast, only made more apparent the wild, half-insane excitement from which every nerve of her spirit was still palpitating. The revulsion in Mrs. Harding's mind was great. The first rebuking image that arose in her thoughts was that of the stranger, whose coming and departure were almost like the changes in a dream. So vivid was this impression that she almost expected to see the woman enter and fix upon her those deep, sad eyes, whose expression she could never forget.

An unwonted sound came now upon her ears. It arose from the cradle. The eyes of Mrs. Harding instantly sought the child. Sweet one! There was a look of fear on her baby face—grievously her lip was curled—a low murmur of pain was audible.

Tenderly, very tenderly, was the infant lifted from its cradle-bed; and lovingly was it pressed to the bosom of Mrs. Harding. Soothing words in soothing tones were poured into its ears from lips that touched them softly.

As Mrs. Harding sat with the babe held close against her heart all the exciting incidents of the previous half hour passed before her mind in rapid review. The conduct of Andrew had been very bad, and he needed correction; but she could not justify her own action in the case, nor quiet the voice of self-reproach. She saw that the evil in her only excited the evil in him—that angry words hardened him into stubborn resistance. She felt sad, too, as she thought of the cruel stripes she had given him—stripes laid on with the full strength of her strong arm. In angry resentment, not sorrowing love, had she grasped the rod, and its strokes excited only a spirit of rebellion. Oh! how unhappy she felt—unhappy even to weeping. Her indignation against the storekeeper was but a feeble flame now. She felt too deeply humiliated in consequence of her own misdeeds to cherish anger against others.

In this state of mind the morning passed. At twelve o'clock Andrew came in from school, gliding through the door silently and with an evident desire to avoid notice. Mrs. Harding said nothing. She was glad to see him subdued in spirit, and felt more of pity toward the boy than anger. Her husband soon followed, as it was dinner-time. His brow was clouded. Something had gone wrong with him during the forenoon. Silently and moodily he sat at the table, eating hurriedly and taking no notice of any one. In a shorter time than usual he finished the meal, and, rising, was about leaving the house when Mrs. Harding said:

"Didn't you tell me to send to the store for anything I might want?"

"Certainly I did. Why?"

"Because Willits refused to let me have some sugar and rice, this morning, without the money."

"Oh! no. He couldn't have done that. There are thirty-six dollars to my account on his books as I told you."

"Well, he did, then; and I had to send the money before I could get what I wanted."

Harding waited to hear no more. "I'll soon settle that!" he exclaimed, as he went hurriedly from the house. A rapid walk of a few minutes brought him to the store of Willits, into which he strode with a heavy, resolute tread.

"What do you mean," was his angry interrogation, "by sending such messages to my wife?" And, as he spoke, he confronted the storekeeper with a threatening scowl.

The latter was startled, as well he might be, for Harding was in a fierce mood of mind, and stood before him with his hand clinched and meditated violence in his look and manner.

"Say! What do you mean?" repeated Harding.

"I sent no insulting message to your wife," said the storekeeper.

"It's false! You did!" exclaimed Harding.

"And I say that I did not," retorted Willits, whose reddening face showed his rising anger.

"Why didn't you send her the sugar and rice this morning?" said Harding.

"I did send it," replied the storekeeper.

"Not until she furnished the money."

"I beg your pardon, neighbor Harding. Andrew came for two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice, which I have charged to your account."

"Didn't you refuse to let him have them without the money?"

"No, sir, I did not. Haven't you a balance on my books in your favor? Here are the articles charged."

And Willits opened his day-book and pointed to the recent entry.

"I don't understand this," said Harding, looking bewildered.

"There's some mistake. Who told you that I refused to send these articles without the money?"

"I must see further into this. Can't comprehend it."

And as the carpenter said this he turned away abruptly and went back home.

"Mary," said he, "didn't you tell me that Willits refused to let you have the rice and sugar to-day without the money?"

"Yes, I did; and I had to send the money before I could get them."

"He denies it, and has the sugar and rice both charged to me."

"What!"

"He says that he didn't refuse to let you have the articles without the money."

"Andrew!"

Mrs. Harding called to her oldest boy in a quick, peremptory voice, turning around as she spoke; but there was no answer.

"Andrew?" she called again.

"He's gone to school, mother," said Lucy.

"It isn't school-time yet."

"But he's gone. I saw him put on his hat and go out through the back gate a little while after father went away."

Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked at each other for a few moments in a kind of blank amazement. To both came a dim foreshadowing of the truth.

"Did Andrew bring you that message?" said Harding, in a stern voice.

"He did; and then I gave him the money to get the things I wanted."

"And he went back with it to the store?"

"Yes."

"That will do."

How the heavy brow of the carpenter contracted. There was something savage in his face.

"He'll remember this while he has breath in his body," he said, fiercely, as he left the house.

On his way to his shop he called in again at the store of Willits, and, by a few questions, satisfied all lingering doubts as to the guilt of Andrew.

As soon as two o'clock came, he went to the schoolhouse and asked for his son.

"He hasn't been here to-day," was the teacher's reply to his question.

"Are you certain of that, Mr. Long?"

Harding was not prepared for this.

"Altogether certain," answered the schoolmaster. "Was Andrew here this morning?" He now addressed the scholars.

"No, sir"—"no, sir"—"no, sir," ran all around the room.

"Have any of the boys seen him?" inquired Mr. Long.

"I saw him," spoke up one of the scholars, "as I came to school just now."

"Where?"

"Sitting on the fence over by Miller's woods."

"Did you speak to him?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir. I asked him what he was doing, and he said 'Nothing.' Then I asked him if he wasn't going to school, and he said, 'Maybe so—after a while.' As I walked along I saw him going over into Miller's woods."

"That will do," said the schoolmaster. And then he directed two of the older boys to go over to Miller's woods, and if they saw Andrew to bring him to school.

Harding went back to his shop in a state of profound agitation. A new cause of anger against the boy was added—namely, the disgrace to himself of standing before the assembled village children as the father of a boy who had meanly played the truant.

During the afternoon everything seemed to go wrong with the carpenter. A man for whom he had done some work disappointed him in regard

to the payment; while another, for whom work had been promised at a certain time, rated him soundly for not being up to the letter of his contract. Moreover, Stark, the tavern-keeper, called in and abused him for having said, as reported to him, that he was doing more harm to the neighborhood than a gang of thieves. Maddened by this assault, coming, as it did, upon his unbalanced state of mind, Harding threw a mallet at his head which, happily, glancing by, went smashing through a window. The frightened tavern-keeper beat a hasty retreat.

Toward evening the teacher called in to say that the boys sent for Andrew had found him, and that he refused to return with them to school. This was the last crushing pound laid on the carpenter's panting self-control. The savage imprecation that fell from his lips startled the teacher, who turned off from him instantly and went on his way oppressed by a feeling of deep concern.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Jacob Harding came home from his shop a little after sundown he was almost blind with passion. The more he had thought of Andrew's conduct, the stronger had grown his indignation against him; and he was now prepared to mete out to him a degree of punishment cruel in the extreme. Grief for the evil he had done was not so prominent a feeling with Harding as anger at the boy for having dared to venture upon the commission of such flagrant outrages. "Liar! thief! truant!" Such were the bitter words that came, every few moments, through the excited father's shut teeth as he strode homeward. "That a boy of mine should be guilty of such things!" he repeated over and over again. "A boy of mine to disgrace me in this way!"

And he would stretch forth his arms, with his large hands gripped so tightly that the nails almost penetrated the callous skin, clutching, in imagination, the guilty child.

"Where's Andrew?" he asked, fiercely, as he entered the house.

Mrs. Harding lifted to his her troubled face and answered, in a sad voice—there was no trace of anger about her:

"I haven't seen him since dinner-time."

"Not home yet?"

"No."

Harding passed through the house into the yard, where he cut from a tree a stout, tough rod—far too stout for his vigorous arm to wield in the chastisement of a tender child—and, returning, laid it in full sight of the younger children on a table.

"A liar, a thief, and a truant!" he exclaimed, in a voice of angry excitement. "It will be the sorriest day of his life! I just want to get my hands on him!"

Mrs. Harding answered nothing. She too had felt strong anger toward the boy; but as the day wore on and imagination pictured him writhing in the cruel hands of his passionate father, anger changed to yearning pity. Not that she felt like excusing him, or even palliating his crime and disobedience; but in her heart revived the mother's tenderness, and this made her see, clearly, that in a blind indignation against the boy his father would destroy the salutary effects of punishment.

Slowly crept on the dusky twilight, and thicker and thicker fell the evening shadows, closing in nearer and nearer to the carpenter's dwelling, so that the disturbed inmates, constantly on the watch for Andrew, found their circle of vision growing momentarily narrower.

And now sharp flashes of lightning began to stream forth from a heavy bank of cloud that lay piled up in the west, and the freshening winds rustled the leaves in the old elms that stood around the humble cottage.

"There's a gust rising!" said Mrs. Harding, in a troubled voice, going to the door and gazing anxiously around. "Where is that unhappy boy?"

"Skulking in some of the neighbors' houses," gruffly replied her husband. "But he might as well come home first as last. He can't escape me."

Mrs. Harding sighed, and was about retiring from the door when a heavy peal of distant thunder jarred on the air.

"Oh! I wish he was home!" she said; "we're going to have a terrible storm."

The thick bank of clouds had now covered so large a space in the west that all the sun's retiring beams were hidden and darkness was closing around her heavy curtains.

"The storm will bring him home," was all the reply made by the father.

"I wish, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, after waiting for nearly half an hour longer, during which time the heavy, concussive thunder sounded nearer and nearer, "that you would step over to Mrs. Aaron's and see if Andrew is not there. He goes with John Aaron a good deal, and it may be that he is loitering with him now, afraid to come home."

Harding made no answer, but took up his hat and went out. The dwelling of Mrs. Aaron was distant nearly an eighth of a mile, and thither the carpenter directed his steps, walking rapidly. It had become very dark before he reached there—the darkness invaded, every few moments, by brilliant streams of light from the cloudy west.

"Have you seen anything of my Andrew?" inquired Harding, on reaching the neighbor's house.

"I have not," replied Mrs. Aaron, as she stood with the door held partly open.

"Is your John at home?" was next asked.

"My John? Oh! yes, indeed! He's never away after dark."

John came to the side of his mother.

"Have you seen my Andrew to-day?" Harding spoke to the boy.

"No, sir; I have not. He wasn't at school either in the morning or the afternoon."

"Are you certain about not having seen him to-day?"

"Oh! yes, sir. He hasn't been anywhere around here."

"Where can he be?" said Mrs. Aaron, now manifesting a woman's concern.

"Dear knows," answered the carpenter, with some impatience of manner. "I only wish I had my hands on him."

"How long has he been away?" asked Mrs. Aaron.

"Ever since dinner-time," was replied.

"Maybe he is over at Mr. Lawson's," spoke up John. "Neither Henry nor Peter Lawson were at school this afternoon. I shouldn't wonder if they'd all gone a-fishing in Baxter's mill-dam."

"I'm obliged to you," was almost roughly said by Harding, as he turned off abruptly and strode away in the direction of Lawson's farm-house, which was at least a quarter of a mile from his own dwelling.

The darkness was now so deep that he could see only a few steps before him, save when the broad-sheeted lightning threw its mantle of flame over the earth for an instant, and then left the night blacker than before. The flashes came in quick succession, and by their aid he walked on as steadily as if day had been abroad. At Lawson's he gained some intelligence of his truant boy. Andrew had been with Henry and Peter fishing, as was suggested by young Aaron, and had stayed there to supper. But it was more than half an hour since he started for home.

"You'll find him safe and sound when you get back," said Mr. Lawson, "so you needn't give yourself any more uneasiness about him. I didn't notice that he was staying so late, or I would have sent him home earlier. I told the boys to go with him a part of the way, but he said he wasn't at all afraid, and went off by himself."

It did not take Harding long to retrace his steps homeward. Not in the least was his anger against the child abated, nor had he changed, in the smallest degree, his cruel purposes regarding him. He had often punished him severely, but the severity now meditated was something far beyond any prior infliction.

He was only a short distance from his dwelling when a lightning gleam that made the air light as noonday showed him the form of Andrew crouching down against a large tree that stood a little off from the road. He saw it but for an instant, for

in the next moment the blackness of darkness was around him.

"Andrew!" he called, sternly.

Ere his voice died on the air another flash quivered along the ground; but where the lad's form had just been seen no object was visible. Mr. Harding stood still and awaited in silence the next recurring flash. It came, but Andrew was not in view.

"Andrew!" he cried again, "Andrew! why don't you answer me?"

The echo of his own voice was all the reply that came. He now advanced to the tree, felt about it in the darkness and searched all around with his eyes, as flash after flash lit up the scene. But the form of Andrew was not again descried. He called, threatened, and called, again and again. He searched around for a considerable distance, but to no purpose. Concluding that the boy had gone home, he kept on his way, and soon arrived at his dwelling.

"Is he here yet?" was his sharp interrogation, as he stepped over the threshold.

"Haven't you found him?" asked Mrs. Harding, with a blanching face.

"He was over at Lawson's until dark, and then started for home. I'm very sure I saw him up at the turn in the road, sitting by the foot of an old beech-tree. A flash of lightning made it as clear as day; but when the next flash came he was not there. I called and called, but he wouldn't answer me. He'll come creeping in here before long. The rain will soon be pouring in torrents, and he'll never stand that."

"O Jacob!" said the mother, in a tone of distress, "I am afraid something has happened to him."

"Never fear. He's too bad for anything to happen to him," was the harsh response.

"Don't talk so, Jacob. It's a fearful night. There! oh! what a sharp flash! Go out and call to him. Maybe he is close by and afraid to come in. Tell him not to be afraid—that you won't punish him! Do, Jacob!"

"I will punish him, though! and I'll not lie about it," firmly answered Harding. "The moment I get my hands on him I'll flog him within an inch of his life, the desperate little vagabond! A pretty race he has run me, after all his ill-doing—as if that wasn't enough."

"What a crash!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Harding, her face becoming still whiter. Hark! Is that wind or rain?"

"Both," replied her husband, coolly. "He'll not be away long now."

But the unyielding father erred in his prediction. The storm came down with fearful violence, howling among the tall elms, crashing its thunder through the air, and pouring out a deluge of rain; yet the boy ventured not to the door of his father's

house, where a more dreaded evil awaited him. He could bear the elemental wrath, wild and fierce though it was, as something less to be feared than the cruel anger of his justly incensed father.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock came; still the fearful tempest roared without—still the harsh thunder boomed along the sky, or came sharply rattling down, and still nothing was seen or heard of Andrew. Almost sick with anxiety and alarm, Mrs. Harding, who had moved about the rooms incessantly—now listening at the door or window, now gazing into the darkness, and now calling the name of the boy—at length sunk down into a kind of hopeless state. That something terrible had happened to Andrew she felt certain; for she was sure he would not remain out in storm and darkness if he could make his way home. If softened at all toward his erring son, Harding did not manifest the change. He had walked the floor restlessly for a greater part of the evening, every now and then opening the door to look out, and calling sternly the name of Andrew, who was, he persisted in affirming, skulking somewhere near at hand. It was all in vain that the lad's mother strove to turn aside the harsh anger of his father.

"I'll not let him go to swift destruction, Mary," he would answer, with knitted brows. "I'll not be a foolish father and spare the rod. Come when he will, he has got to feel the weight of this arm. It is all well enough for you to pity him; but I have a stern duty to perform, and mean to execute it fully."

"Try and not feel so angry against him, Jacob," pleaded the mother, laying her hand on his arm. "We know not where he is nor how dreadfully he may be suffering. What if he should be dead! The lightning has struck very near several times."

"I would rather see him dead now than swinging on the gallows twenty years hence," said Harding, as he drew himself away from his tearful wife. "If he is dead, he will be safe from the evil to come; but if alive, it shall be my business to check the course of evil."

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when Mrs. Harding went from the family sitting-room into the adjoining chamber, leaving her husband pacing the floor and nursing his anger against the absent boy. The height of the storm had passed. At more distant intervals the feeble flashes came, and the far-off thunder had a muffled roll. The winds were fast dying away and no longer swept through the air in howling gust or bore the fast descending rain in fitful torrents against the windows. Every moment the rushing sound without grew less, and by the time Mrs. Harding returned from the chamber—scarce three minutes had elapsed since she left her husband—a deep

stillness had succeeded the tempest's wail. She came in with so changed a countenance that her husband could not help exclaiming:

"Why, Mary! what is it?"

"Jacob!" There was a depth of emotion in the voice of Mrs. Harding, as she grasped with both hands her husband's arm and lifted to his face her moistened eyes, that surprised and subdued him. "Jacob," she repeated, gently drawing him toward the chamber-door, "I want to show you something."

Harding followed passively.

"Look there, Jacob!" And she pointed to the low bed on which Grace was laid every night beside Lotty, and where she usually slept soundly until Mrs. Harding retired.

Harding started at what he saw, with a quick ejaculation, but his wife clung to his arm, saying, in a half whisper:

"Hush, Jacob!—don't wake them now—don't!"

The pause was fatal to his stern purpose. The face of Andrew was before him, pale and shrunken with suffering; and close beside and almost touching it on the same pillow was the calm, sweet, heavenly face of the babe. The boy had crept in through the window in the height of the storm, and after putting off his wet clothes laid himself down beside little Grace evidently with the hope that her dove-like innocence would soften the fierce indignation of his father against him, and there had fallen asleep. His hair was wet and tearstains marked his cheeks.

"Poor boy!" almost sobbed Mrs. Harding. She was overcome with tenderness. As she breathed the words a deep sigh parted the lips of the sleeping child, and at the same moment Grace, moving in her sleep, drew her little arm across his neck and laid her warm, bright cheek to his.

It would have required a harder, sterner heart than Jacob Harding's—hard and stern as that was—to withstand the softening influence of a scene like this, coming as it did after long hours of intense excitement and in the solemn hush succeeding a fearful tempest. A little while he stood as if spell-bound and then, turning suddenly away, left the chamber. When his wife followed him into the next room she found him sitting in a chair with his head bowed upon his bosom. She came up to where he sat and leaning against him laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Jacob," she said, softly. It was the old, old voice that now entered his ears—the voice that had sounded sweetest of all in the days when young love filled his mind with dreams of an Elysian future. He neither moved nor spoke, but his heart was melting.

"Jacob—husband—dear husband!" How many years had passed—desolate, dreary years to both

their suffering spirits—since Mrs. Harding had spoken to her husband so tenderly and in words like these!

"Say on, Mary!" And as the words passed his lips he leaned toward her. How naturally glided her arm from his shoulder to his neck, as her heart leaped with a delicious impulse! The old, old voice once so full of music was ringing in her ears again. It was the voice of her young lover—that in which he had wooed and won her in the days of innocent, confiding girlhood.

"Say on, Mary," he repeated. How gently, almost humbly, he spoke! There was not a trace of bitterness or passion in his tones.

"Think of what the poor boy has suffered to-night, Jacob. A tender child only eight years old, exposed to such a fearful storm! Think of him as suffering and repentant, Jacob—not as stubbornly bent on continuing in wrong. He looks so pale and frightened even in his sleep that the sight of him makes my heart ache."

"And think, too, Mary," answered Harding, "of his great offense. Will it be right to let him go unpunished?"

"Why should he be punished?" asked Mrs. Harding.

"For his own good. He must be taught that evil deeds bring inevitable pain."

"And have they not brought pain to-night?" said Mrs. Harding. "Think, Jacob, whether for any wrong you would have doomed him to the anguish and fear he must have suffered to-night? I am sure you would not."

"O Mary! I dare not let him escape my severe displeasure," replied Harding, his voice taking a troubled tone. "For him to go on in this way is certain ruin."

"It is for us to save him from evil if in our power, Jacob. But how shall we save him? Severity, I fear, will not do it. He has been scolded and driven and whipped until I sometimes think he is hardened. A number of times I have noticed of late, that when I speak mildly to him he obeys more readily than when I am out of patience. If I order him to do anything in an angry or imperative voice, he moves off sulkily and unless I follow him up is certain to disobey me. But if I say, 'Andrew, go and do so and so, that's a good boy,' he springs away and does the errand in the shortest time and with evident pleasure."

"I wish to do right, Mary," said Harding, in an irresolute voice.

"No one knows that better than I do, Jacob," answered Mrs. Harding. "But what is right? Ah! that is the question. How ignorant and erring we are! We have tried hard and harsh means with our children from the beginning, and they do not seem to grow better. Let us try some gentler methods."

"But what are we to do with Andrew? Let the past go unpunished?"

"Unpunished, at least by the rod, Jacob. He expects that and is, in some degree, prepared for it. If we deal more gently by him, and let him understand that we are grieved rather than angry at his conduct—that our punishment, whatever it may be, is given in love, not indignation—he may repent far more deeply of his evil deeds than if stubborn anger be aroused through painful chastisement. Hush!"

Mrs. Harding raised herself up and listened, as a voice came from the room they had left a little while before. It was Andrew's voice. "O father!" they heard him say distinctly, and in a tone of fear.

Both arose quickly and went into the chamber where he was lying.

"Don't cut me so hard, father!—don't; oh! don't." His tones were full of agony.

"I'm so wet and frightened!" he murmured, a little while afterward. "Won't the lightning strike me? Oh, dear! oh, dear! If father wouldn't cut me so hard!"

The heart-full mother could not keep the tears from raining over her face, and even Jacob Harding felt a woman's weakness stealing through his breast. He was about moving away from the bed where his children slept when Andrew started up, wide awake almost as soon as his eyes were opened.

"O father!" he exclaimed, the moment his bewildered mind was able to comprehend his true position, "don't whip me—please don't! I've been very bad; but if you don't whip me I'll try and not be bad any more."

And he stretched forth his hands imploringly, while his colorless face had such a look of fear and sorrow that the heart untouched by its expression must have been of adamant.

"You have been very wicked, Andrew," said his mother, in a low, serious, grieving voice, "and I do not see how your father can help punishing you."

"O mother! mother!" cried the child, bursting into tears and bending over toward her—she had stooped down by the bedside—"I know I have been wicked, and I'm so sorry. I don't know why I did it. It seemed as if I couldn't help it. O mother! how dreadful it was out in the woods, with the thunder and lightning all around me! I was so frightened! But I was afraid to come in. I saw the candle in the window, and heard you and father call me; but I didn't dare to answer. Once, when the lightning made all as bright as day, I thought I saw Grace just a little way before me on the ground. I ran right up to the spot, but she wasn't there! Then I thought I'd get into the window and lie down on the bed, just here, alongside of her. Maybe, I said to myself, father, who

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loves little Grace so much, won't whip me for her sake if I promise not to be bad any more."

"And do you promise, Andrew?" Mrs. Harding spoke very seriously.

"I'd promise if I thought father would believe me," sobbed the poor child.

"Promise in earnest?"

"Oh! yes, mother."

"Then ask him to forgive you, my son!"

There was a deep silence for some moments.

"Father!" Timid, hesitating, almost fearful was the voice that broke on the hushed air of the chamber.

Harding neither moved from the spot where he stood, with averted face, nor answered.

"Father! O father!"

The stern man was too much softened to resist the pleading anguish of that broken voice.

"Well, my son?" He did not mean to speak so gently, but his heart flowed into his tones.

"I've been very wicked, father." His utterance was choked and he could say no more.

"Speak to him, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, bending toward her husband.

"Lie down, my son, and go to sleep. You *have* been very wicked, and I intended to punish you severely; but if you *will* be a good boy, as you promise, I may forgive you."

Harding tried to speak calmly and even a little sternly; but his voice was scarcely steady and betrayed the powerful struggle that was going on within. As Andrew fell back, sobbing, on the pillow, from which, a little while before, he had started up in fear, his father left the chamber, deeply agitated. He wished to be alone, in order to recover his manly self-possession. His face was calm and elevated when he rejoined his wife. In both their hearts what a wild tempest had raged, symboling the fierce storm that darkened the face of nature! But the azure depths of their spirits were clear again—clear as the starry heavens that arched above their lowly dwelling.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. LONG, the village schoolmaster, after leaving the carpenter, took his way homeward, oppressed by troubled feelings. He was a man of humane impulses, and these were excited by the cruel threats and savage looks of Harding. Andrew's offense was heinous, deserving more than ordinary marks of displeasure, and he had himself been thinking over various modes of punishment, in order, if possible, to select that which would be the most efficacious, when the young truant presented himself in the morning. Miss Gimp, the dressmaker, was at his house when he returned home. She was doing some work for Mrs. Long and dropped in with it a little before supper-time. Very naturally, she was

invited to remain until after tea. Indeed, Miss Gimp was generally a welcome guest, for she was chatty and knew the weak side of every woman in the neighborhood. She was, moreover, in possession of all the current gossip—good-natured and ill-natured—floating about, far and near, and had a way peculiar to herself, and racy withal, of telling everything she knew, and a little more sometimes.

"You look sober, Edward," said the schoolmaster's wife, as she looked into her husband's face, soon after he came in. "Don't you feel well?"

"Something has happened that troubles me," replied Mr. Long. And then he looked more serious.

How quickly was the head of Miss Gimp elevated! What a sparkling interest was in her two bright eyes!

"Trouble you, Edward? What is it?"

A shade of anxiety crossed the pleasant face of Mrs. Long.

"Nothing that particularly concerns myself," replied the schoolmaster.

"Anything wrong in the school?"

"There's something wrong about one of the scholars. Andrew Harding has been playing truant."

"The ne'er do well!" exclaimed Miss Gimp; not so much in sorrow or anger as from a species of unconscious satisfaction at hearing a piece of bad news.

"I'm afraid that boy will come to an evil end," remarked Mrs. Long.

"He'll come to the gallows, without doubt," said Miss Gimp. "I never saw his match. Not for a mountain of gold would I live in the house with him. I pity his poor mother; but then, she has herself to blame. I never saw a woman have so little management with children. She lets them do as they please, and make as much noise and disorder as they like, until she gets so worried that she can't stand it any longer; and then she screams at them and boxes their ears right and left in a way to make one's blood run cold. That's no way to bring up children."

"Indeed, it is not," was the quiet response of the schoolmaster's wife.

"Why, d'ye know," ran on Miss Gimp, "that on one occasion, when I was there to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding, Andrew—a little imp of Satan he is—forgive me for saying so—Andrew throw a large case-knife at his sister Lucy. It came as nigh cutting her ear off as could be—just touching it with the edge as it glanced by. If you had seen the passion of his mother! It was awful! She grew almost black in the face; and I thought she would never get done beating the boy. It made me sick at heart. Oh! she's a woman of an awful temper! I wouldn't have her tongue on me for

the world. And so Andrew has been playing the truant, ha?"

How the voice of Miss Gimp changed as she recollected herself!

"I am grieved to say that he has," answered the schoolmaster, gravely.

"Does his father know it?" asked Mrs. Long.

"Yes; and, I am sorry to say, is in a most dreadful passion about it. I called at his shop as I came home just now, and the way he looked and spoke made me really shudder."

"He's a cruel-tempered man," said Miss Gimp. "I know all about him. His father was little better than a savage, and used to beat his children about as if they were dogs."

"I pity Andrew from my heart," said Mr. Long. "He has acted very badly; but he is only a tender child, needing correction for his fault, but not able to bear the cruelty in store for him. I feel unhappy about it."

"How would it do," suggested Mrs. Long, "for you to go over after tea and try to soothe his father, and thus break the heavy weight of his displeasure?"

"Just what I was thinking about," said Mr. Long.

"I wouldn't do any such thing," spoke up Miss Gimp, quickly. "Take my advice, and don't go near him. He's a very strange man. As sure as you do he'll insult you; and, what is worse, beat Andrew twice as badly, from a fresh excitement of angry feelings."

"There may be something in that," remarked the schoolmaster's wife.

"There is something in it," said Miss Gimp. "People like them can't bear interference from others, and always repel intrusion by broad insult. Let them alone, Mr. Long, to do with their own as they please. More harm than good will arise from any attempt you may make to screen the young rebel. It's all very kind, very humane in you, Mr. Long, and does great credit to your heart; but you can't help them any."

"There may be truth in your suggestion," answered the schoolmaster, in some doubt and irresolution—he was flattered, in spite of himself, by Miss Gimp's compliment—"and yet it does not seem right to leave a helpless child in the hands of a man insane from anger, and not make an effort to save him from excessive cruelty."

Tea was soon after on the table. Mr. Long, still undecided in his mind, sat thoughtful and nearly silent during the meal, while Miss Gimp rattled on, much to the edification of Mrs. Long, who, in her agreeable tittle-tattle, quite forgot poor Andrew Harding. A sudden roll of distant thunder interrupted the voluble play of the gossip's tongue.

"What's that?" she exclaimed. "Not a gust coming up?"

Mr. Long went to the door and threw a glance around the horizon.

"There are some heavy clouds in the west," said he.

"And it threatens rain," added Miss Gimp, who now stood by his side. "Get me my bonnet, if you please, Mrs. Long," said she, turning to the schoolmaster's wife. "It's growing dark fast, and I must run home."

"Don't be in a hurry. It isn't late. I'm sure it won't storm to-night," said Mrs. Long, affecting a great deal of reluctance at parting with Miss Gimp, who, in her turn, had just enough self-esteem to believe that the schoolmaster's wife felt really bad about her "going away so early."

Often, during the fearful storm that raged that night, did Mr. Long think of Andrew Harding and wonder how it was with him. He could not forget the cruel face and words of the boy's father. They haunted his imagination and his thoughts.

On the next morning he went early, as was his custom, to the schoolhouse. He was sitting at his desk, engaged in study, when the sound of foot-steps caused him to look up. It was too soon to expect any of the scholars, and he was, therefore, prepared to see a stranger. He almost started as he saw the carpenter leading his son and within a few steps of the door.

"Mr. Long, I have brought Andrew to school this morning."

Harding had paused with one foot across the threshold. He spoke in a steady voice, rather below his ordinary tone. "I preferred coming early, before the other scholars arrived, as I wished to say a word about the lad."

"Won't you step in?" said the schoolmaster, quite taken by surprise at the manner of his visitor, in which was nothing of the fierce indignation apparent at their last interview.

"No, I thank you. You can go in, Andrew."

The boy entered quietly, and went with a stealthy step to his usual seat.

"I called to say, Mr. Long," resumed the carpenter, "that Andrew promises, if you will forgive him, never again to be guilty of such bad conduct. I think his punishment has already been severe enough and of a character not likely soon to be forgotten. He has been very wicked, but, I think, repents sincerely."

"I am not angry with him," said the schoolmaster, "but grieved that any scholar of mine should commit that most disgraceful of all offenses, playing the truant. If you think he has been sufficiently punished and sincerely repents the matter can rest where it is; but I will not promise, for the future, should he offend again. The example would be too pernicious."

"I think you can trust him," answered the carpenter, as he moved back a few steps from the

door. "Good morning," he added, after standing silent for a moment or two, and went away.

Mr. Long felt rather strangely on finding himself alone with the boy after this brief interview with Harding. In both the father and son a striking change was apparent. As to the basis of the change he was altogether ignorant. The natural conclusion to which his mind came, almost without reflection, was that the carpenter had punished his child with a measure of severity from which his own better consciousness now revolted, and that as some reparation for his cruelty he now sought to screen him from further consequences. That both were greatly subdued was apparent at a glance.

"Andrew," said the schoolmaster. He spoke kindly but seriously.

The child looked up timidly.

"Come here, Andrew."

The boy left his seat and came toward the schoolmaster with a slow movement, his eyes fixed earnestly and inquiringly upon his face.

There were unmistakable marks of suffering and fear in that young countenance; and as Mr. Long noted them pity for the lad and a new interest in regard to him was awakened in his mind.

"Poor boy!" It was his involuntary mental ejaculation. Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, he took Andrew by the hand and said, kindly:

"I am sorry you were so naughty yesterday. How came you to do so?"

The child's lips quivered a moment and his eyes fell to the ground. A little while he stood silent.

"How came you to do so, Andrew?" The voice that said this was kind and encouraging.

"I don't know, Mr. Long," was answered; and now the boy's clear eyes—the schoolmaster was struck with the softness of their expression—were raised to his. "It seemed as if I couldn't help it. I didn't think much, at first, what I was doing; but when I got a going it was like running down hill. I couldn't stop myself."

"You are sorry about it, are you not, Andrew?"

"Oh! yes, Mr. Long. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I wish I hadn't done it."

"You will never do so again?"

"Not if I can help it, Mr. Long."

"You can help it, Andrew," said the schoolmaster, in a serious voice. "Every one can help doing wrong."

"I don't know." The child spoke half to himself, and in a tone so sad that the schoolmaster was touched by it. "It seems as if I couldn't help it sometimes."

"Do you ever say your prayers on going to bed at night?" asked the schoolmaster, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"I used to say them a good while ago, but I never do now," was answered.

"You must begin again, Andrew, if you desire to be a good boy. Begin this very night. Do not get into bed until you have knelt down and said, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Do Lotty and Philip say their prayers at night?"

"No, sir. Mother doesn't teach any of us to say our prayers."

"Do you read in the Bible?"

"Mother won't let me have the Bible."

"Why not?"

"She says I dirty the leaves and pictures."

"Have you no Testament?"

"No, sir."

"If I give you one will you read in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Andrew, I will bring you a Testament this afternoon, and it shall be yours if you will learn a verse in it every day."

The lad's face brightened with real pleasure.

"Not all evil—no, not all evil!" were the schoolmaster's earnestly, inward spoken words. "The innocence of childhood has been trampled on and overlaid; but there is good ground still ready for the hand of culture."

"Andrew," said he, after a slight pause, "you must be on your guard when the other boys come to school. It is known that you have played truant, and some of them will be sure to say unkind things to you about it. Try and not get angry—try hard, and I'm sure you can help it. Don't seem to mind what they say, and they'll soon let you alone."

The form of a boy darkened the door at this moment, and the conference of Andrew and the schoolmaster was at an end.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was evening. Lotty and Grace were sleeping side by side, and Philip, a restless, rather fretful child of four years, had some time since been taken off to bed. Mrs. Harding, having cleared away the supper things, now busily plied her needle. Her husband was near her by the table, his head resting on his hand and his mind busy with a new train of thoughts that occupied it almost per force. Side by side on two low chairs sat Andrew and his sister Lucy, younger by two years. Andrew held open in his hands the Testament which had been given him, according to promise, by Mr. Long, and he was reading from it in a low voice, while Lucy leaned toward him listening intently. The mother's ears were open, as well as Lucy's, and took in every word, and it was not long before Harding began to listen also. Andrew was reading of the birth of Christ in the city of Bethlehem, and of the wise men who came from the East, guided by the star that heralded His wonderful advent. It was many, many years since the words of this strange his-

tory had been in his thoughts; and now they came to him with a newly awakening interest. Andrew read on—of the angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, warning him of the evil designs of Herod—of the cruel slaughter of the innocents—of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea—and of the baptism of the Saviour in Jordan.

All unconscious that his father and mother were listening, the boy continued to read. What a power was in the Divine Word, coming to their ears as it did, borne on the voice of a child! There was a wonderful fascination about every fact and every holy sentiment. They saw in imagination Jesus led up to the profoundest depths of their being. In the call of Simon and Andrew, and James and John, the sons of Zebedee, they almost seemed to hear the Lord speaking to them and calling them to a new life. They saw Him going about through Galilee, teaching in the synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And when He went up into a mountain and taught from thence the multitude, the Divine words He uttered came to them with a spirit and power that lifted their souls into higher regions and gave them perceptions of truths such as had never come to them before.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Many times in earlier days—days in which some rosy gleams from the morning of childhood mingled with the colder light of selfish maturity—had they heard these beautiful sentences; but never had the words so penetrated their souls; never had they felt such a sad, almost hopeless yearning to rise into the holy states of the merciful, the pure in heart, and the peacemaker.

Still Andrew read on, unconscious that other ears than Lucy's were hearkening to his utterance intently.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A low sigh from the mother's heart trembled, scarce audibly, on the air.

"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither

shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black; but let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil."

"Cometh of evil—cometh of evil." How the words sounded in the ears of Jacob Harding, over and over again, as if spoken directly to him!

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same. And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Tired with reading aloud, Andrew now closed his Testament, and said, in a kind way, to his sister: "Come, Lucy—let's go to bed."

Lucy made no objection, and the two children, who had learned to wait on themselves, took a candle and went off to their chamber, up-stairs, without a cross or angry word—something so unusual that both father and mother noted it with surprise.

Plying her needle sat Mrs. Harding, and near her, his hand shading his face from the light, was her husband, almost motionless. In the minds of both lingered passages just read from the Word of Life, while a deep calmness pervaded their spirits. Not so much rebuked were they by the truths, condemnatory of the past, which seemed spoken anew, as inspired by a dawning hope of something better in the future. A dim foreshadowing of better and happier states came to both, and with it an awakening tenderness each for the other, and a deeper, purer, more unselfish love for their children.

A little while they had heard Andrew and Lucy moving about in the chamber above; then all was still. Presently there stole down a low murmur. The mother's hand rested in her lap, and she raised her head to listen.

"What is that?" she said, rising and going to the foot of the stairway.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts"—

This much she heard distinctly, in the voice of Andrew.

The murmuring sound was continued for a little while, and then all was silent.

"What was it?" asked Harding, as his wife came back to her seat by the table.

A moment or two Mrs. Harding gazed into her husband's face, as if to read his state of mind, and then answered:

"It was Andrew, saying his prayers."

The hand that had been withdrawn from between the light and his face was quickly restored to its position by Harding, who turned himself a little further away from observation and did not speak for nearly half an hour. That time was spent in an almost involuntary review of the past and in partially formed purposes to live a better life in the future; if not for his own sake, at least for the sake of his children.

Very gently did sleep draw her dusky curtains around the weary heads of Mr. and Mrs. Harding that night. Morning found their spirits calm, hopeful, and yearning for the better life, of whose beatitudes came to them some partial glimpses as they listened to the words of the Saviour, teaching the multitudes that gathered to hear as He sat upon the mountain of Galilee. T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 3.

"THE FLOWERS ARE DEAD, BUT THEY WILL
LIVE AGAIN."

THE flowers are dead, but they will spring again;
The chilling winds cannot forever sweep
The dear old haunts, nor with their raging
keep

In her white shroud the everliving glen.

The flowers are dead, but they will waken when
The first delightful pipe of summer's deep
And thrilling music calls them from their sleep
To make a summer in all hearts again.

For God hath made a token of all things

To them that here beneath some burden bo
The perfect bloom that every summer brings

In all its glory, wears no beauty now,
Save as the soul that pining feels its wings

Bound by some bond, it bursts and knows not
how.

No. 4.

TO WINTER.

HOW can I sing of thee this dreary time,
In such soft measure or sweet-worded rhyme
As thy fair sisters claim! Since now are fled
Their birds and bees, the blossoms too are dead,
Wherein the subtle fays, on summer nights,
Stored their rich liquor. Oh! the mad delights
Of such enchanting draughts thou canst not give,
Though thou, too, hast thy witcheries that live
In starry nights—aye, on such nights as this,
When stately Dian, in a glow, doth kiss
With her soft beams the crunching snow—when

sound
Of far-off house dog or loud baying hound,
One moment, wakens Fancy from her dreams
Of swaying boughs and softly shadowed streams.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE FOOL.

WHEN Mrs. Mirriam announced officially the engagement of her pretty niece, Emily Allyn, to Carrol Lang, a number of the most intimate friends who came within the prescribed circle of her "set" lifted up their hands and eyebrows in astonishment. To be sure, Carrol Lang was considered—among those whose consideration was not to be despised, either—a great catch in the sea matrimonial. He certainly had been angled for by a host of pretty fishers for a long time; and this was just one of the reasons for which the uplifted hands and brows expressed their surprise. He was such an old lover for a fresh young *debutante*. Why had he not bitten at a bait suitable for one of his mature years, instead of becoming entangled in an innocent child's net, surely not intended for any of his kind?

There were one or two of Mrs. Mirriam's intimates who also wondered that she did not see the discrepancy in temperaments as well as years of the couple; but these one or two said nothing to that effect.

Carrol Lang was a gentleman—at least, every one considered him such. He had an *entrée* to the houses of all the first families; he was an honored member of one of the most exclusive clubs; he owned a pew in the most aristocratic church, and he was universally liked in society. In society; but out of society, in the privacy of his home, among his sisters and mother, those who know a man much better than does society, he was not a gentleman.

A gentleman means one who is kind-hearted, tender-mannered, and gentle of speech and action. Carrol Lang did not bear any of these characteristics at home. He was generous enough with his money, lavish, indeed; but a man is not generous or kind-hearted who gives no more; a man is neither tender nor gentle who wounds and hurts those nearest and dearest him every day by rough, overbearing, imperious ways, selfish thoughtlessness, or coarse, irreverent speech.

Carrol Lang, outside of his home, exercised none of these ungentelemanly qualities, and society, who sees no deeper than we mean she shall, judged him by what she knew of him, and pronounced him "an affable, polite, elegant gentleman!" Ah! what masks are worn by many of society's cavaliers.

An only and beloved son, Carrol's faults were condoned and excused by his mother. Among themselves, she would repeatedly cover some outburst by saying to his sisters:

"You must remember Carrol is peculiar; his temperament is sensitive; he does not mean to be rough, but a quick, hot, passionate temper is a Carrol failing."

The sisters, although they could not always as readily find reason for their brother's imperious ways and rough speech, tried to bear and forbear, as became them as women and ladies.

"Carrol is most fortunate in selecting so amiable a girl as Emily Allyn for his wife," said his youngest sister, shortly after he had announced his engagement and approaching marriage.

"Harry Burton says she is a 'dear little fool.' I'm sure I hope she is, for then Carrol can play the Grand Turk to his heart's content, and she'll never have the spirit to rebel."

It was the eldest Miss Lang who answered, the least forgiving and amiable of Carrol's sisters.

"She looks like a loving little creature; so, perhaps, she'll tame the wild beast in his nature, and we shall have a regular subjugated tiger purring around like a kitten," cried Miss Nelly, the third sister.

"Can an Ethiop change his skin, or a leopard change his spots?" answered Miss Lang, bitterly. "No," she continued, "Carrol is a hard master, a disrespectful son, and an unaffectionate brother. Do you believe for one moment that he will play a more gentle part in the role of husband? I do not, and I really feel as though to do right we ought to acquaint Emily Allyn with Carrol's real character and disposition before she becomes his slave—as she will!"

"Marian, I beg that you will be more careful in your remarks," interrupted Mrs. Lang, with a reproving look at her eldest daughter. "The servants are doubtless on the alert for our opinion of the engagement, and they may overhear you. As for warning Emily Allyn of Carrol's peculiarities, that is a wrong idea of yours; it would do no good if you should be so unsisterly. She no doubt has discovered his faults. Lovers of his temperament are generally as despotic and imperious as husbands. She has a sweet, pliable disposition, and will, perhaps, never rouse his ungovernable temper, as you seem to have a propensity for doing at all times and upon all subjects. I think his marriage with a girl like Emily the best possible way for a change to be worked in him. I wish he had come across her years ago." And the mother sighed.

"He couldn't have married her then," irrelevantly replied Miss Lang. "She must have been in pinafores; she must be at least fifteen years his junior; poor little girl—I pity her. What a life I see before her. He will either ruin her, body and soul, or he'll break her heart." And, having the "last word," Miss Lang left the room.

At Mrs. Mirriam's, that same morning, Emily Allyn sat looking out of the bay window, watching for her handsome lover to appear, and hearing, at the same time, her aunt expatiate upon the elegance of the hurried *trousseau* in active preparation for the wedding, which Carrol had insisted

upon—in a lover-like manner—should be at once.

"You have everything in the world, Emily, to make you perfectly happy, I am sure," Mrs. Mirriam was saying. "It isn't every girl who can, in her first season, count an eligible offer, and an elegant house, a pair of horses, two India shawls, and a set of diamonds among her wedding presents!"

"To say nothing of a handsome lover all the girls have been dying for, and a devoted husband, whom they will envy me after awhile," replied Emily, laughing and blushing.

"You are very much in love with him, are you not, dear?" asked Mrs. Mirriam, smiling at her niece's enthusiastic tone.

"Indeed I am. He is so patient and good and kind with all my imperfections. I cannot imagine what he saw to love in such a little goose as I am. I am awfully stupid about books and high art, estheticism and all that, and he knows so much, and he is so kind and polite and tender in his explaining to me what I am dull in. It must be that he loves me, too. Don't you think so, auntie?"

"Yes, he must; that I am sure of. And why should he not? You are the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, and I am sure you will both be very happy."

The subject of their conversation entered the room now, and Emily, all smiles and blushes, warmly welcomed her lover, and if the eldest Miss Lang could have looked in just then upon her "leopard," she would have thought him a very fawn in spotless purity and gentleness.

It was pronounced a brilliant match. Society's tongue waxed eloquent over the magnificence of the wedding, the beauty of the bride, and the noble bearing of the gentlemanly groom. A round of receptions, balls, and dinner-parties followed the event. When summer came the festivities were continued in *fêtes*, yachting-parties, and mountain tours. Yes, it was a brilliant match. Was it a happy marriage? One couldn't tell that until the home-life should begin.

Some one has said, "It is at home that a man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtues or his felicities; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence."

It was, therefore, when the summer merry-go-round of fashionable life was over and the everyday tread-mill of home-life began that Emily Lang questioned herself, was her married life a happy one?

Marriage reveals, even if those married have been long-time friends, with tastes, ideas, sympathies, all in perfect unison, yet marriage reveals the true character at last. We never know our friends until we live with them, and bed and board are a close intimacy.

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In this new companionship Emily found much that she had never imagined she should discover in Carrol's character. He had seemed to her generous, just, and wise. He was intensely selfish—personally so—the best of everything must be for himself. After himself, he was selfish for her. He was unreasonable and unjust, and not generous enough to acknowledge a fault when committed.

Few women possess magnanimity enough to accept a tacit repentance or apology; a wronged heart craves rightful justice; and wives who take for granted the penitence which should be confessed in words as well as in deeds, such wives are "jewels above price."

Emily's was a loving, forgiving nature, and she readily forgot a grievance and endeavored to excuse a fault until its shadow faded away. It was the only kind of a disposition Carrol could have lived with in the close intimacy of married companionship. But the man had been her hero, her ideal, and he was fast losing his laurels, his halo. What a shock it is to a woman to find her idol clay! How she struggles to the last to be blind and deaf to the truth; how she vainly tries still, through the raindrops of her tears, to see the rainbow colors of her hopes!

Emily would look at her husband sometimes with her calm, brown eyes, and wonder was this rude, violent, insolent man, who lost control over temper and speech for but some trivial fault of hers, was this the polite, elegant man of society who last night walked through salons admired right and left for his courteous bearing? The deceit appalled and disgusted her. This was not the man to whom she had given her innocent, confiding love. She had not married this man. He to whom she gave her heart was gentle and tender and patient over her shortcomings; this man was not a gentleman! Were all men such creatures—at home? "No man is a hero to his valet," say the French. Was it so with husbands and wives?

They were spending a few weeks at a hotel in Washington the winter after their marriage; some friends, also husband and wife, occupied the adjoining rooms and their close quarters obliged Emily several times to be an unwilling and unavoidable listener to their conjugal chats. How different was their inside lives to that of Carrol and hers! This man was pleasant and entertaining in his talks with his wife; they enjoyed little jokes and hearty laughs together. When their door was shut on the outside world the four walls became a little home to once!

When Carrol entered his room, his very face seemed to undergo transformation; he dropped, as it were, the mask he wore before the world and showed his true nature; he was taciturn, curt, cross even; if Emily ventured to recount some amusing episode of the morning he paid little

heed to her, but smoked his cigar and whistled, perhaps, while she was speaking. If she looked hurt at his inattention he sneered at her childish foolishness; indeed, "little fool," was the favorite name of endearment by which she was oftentimes called now when alone; down-stairs, however, or in society she was dignified "Mrs. Lang," of course, or "My dear!" What a terrible high comedy married life was!

"Carrol, what have I done to merit such treatment? Do you not love me any longer?" she asked, in a desperate mood, one day after some violent outburst—her eyes were full of tears as she looked up into his face.

"Oh! spare me a scene, Emily," he cried. "I detest the tragic muse in one's bed-room," and he turned on his heel to hasten away.

"Genteel comedy in the parlor suits you best," she replied, stung into indignant retort. "You are right, Carrol, it is tragic enough! I do not think it would do to walk behind our scenes; we are different creatures off society's stage."

The truth of her reply seemed to cut him; he stared at her for a moment; she had never spoken to him in that tone before, and there was a new, strange expression in her face. The blood rushed into his face and he rudely pushed her away from him and left the room with an oath.

Emily threw herself upon the bed and lay there a long time; her tears were scorched up in the feverish heat of her hot thoughts, and she was as utterly wretched as only a woman can be when pained and wronged by the man she has loved. She was still in a stupor of grief when the servant knocked at the door for dinner, and she hurried to brush away all evidences of her trouble, and present herself smiling before her friends, who would wait for her appearance. As she came out of her door, they were about leaving their room; the wife was laughing and chatting away gayly to her husband and his arm was about her waist. There were husbands, then, who could still be loverlike in their attentions! When had Carrol ever spoken tenderly to her! Emily felt that all the color had forsaken her cheeks as she stood there watching them with envious, hungry eyes—and they asked her was she ill.

"Oh! no—only a little tired and nervous. Have you seen Carrol?"

"Mr. Lang had eaten early dinner and gone out on business that would keep him late," the head waiter said, and so Emily went into the dining-room with her friends and pretended to eat, while every mouthful choked her.

"Was it something sudden that called your husband away, Emily?" asked her friends.

"No—yes—certainly it must have been," stammered poor Emily, and they asked her no more questions. They invited her to make one of their

theatre party later, but she pleaded a severe headache and retired to her room.

Carrol came in very late, but offered no excuse for having left her alone so unceremoniously, barely replying to her questions relative to their departure the next day. She tried to forgive and forget, and in many little ways offered peace; but even after their return to their home Carrol kept up his sullen demeanor when alone, but in company, as usual, was bright and agreeable to her as well as to those about her, and Mrs. Lang was envied her attentive, delightful, and charming husband!

If Emily had been older in the ways of the world, or known more of the ways of men, or been of a vulgar, suspicious nature, she might have imagined, perhaps, some other woman was the fault of her husband's changed manner toward her; such things have been, and bachelors do not always make the truest and faithfulest of husbands; but Emily knew nothing of such undercurrents in men's lives, and was therefore spared the misery of such suspicions.

Such an accusation against Carrol Lang would have been unjust. He was not unfaithful. His behavior was merely due to his "peculiar temperament," as his mother explained it. His was an ungovernable, violent temper, and a coarse, rough nature. He appreciated Emily after a fashion. She was his wife, and in making her such he had proved that he loved her. That was sufficient.

"How do you and Carrol chime, Emily?" asked Miss Lang, one day a year or so after their marriage. "Has he succeeded in keeping his cloven foot hid all this time, or have you discovered it at last? Oh! pray, don't be afraid to confess it to us; you know mamma prides herself upon the Carrol 'spirit.'"

Emily colored and replied:

"A husband's faults should be buried in a wife's bosom, whatever a mother or sister may do to uncover them."

"Ah! she's had a glimpse of the horns and tail of the enemy," cried Nellie Lang, with a laugh, "but she's a staunch ally; don't let's annoy her any farther."

"I trust Emily loves her husband well enough to weigh his best against his worst; she will receive good measure, I am sure, by so doing," said Mrs. Lang, with a grateful look toward her young daughter-in-law.

"My husband and I love one another dearly, and no one can ever make us change our affection," replied Emily, gravely.

"You are indeed a good wife and daughter," returned Mrs. Lang, "and I know Carrol loves and prizes you."

Mrs. Mirriam had gone abroad shortly after her niece's marriage, and still remaining there, was

therefore ignorant of Emily's unhappy domestic affairs. She would probably never have known them from Emily's lips; she might have suspected something, however, from her niece's changed appearance, for Emily Lang was not the brilliant Emily Allyn of a year ago.

"Where have my bright eyes and pink cheeks gone!" she exclaimed suddenly to herself, as a glimpse of her pale, haggard face met her gaze in the mirror one day. "I have lost my fair looks! Is it that which Carrol misses and regrets and—" and she buried her face in her hands.

No one else thought Mrs. Lang's beauty faded; it was only different; instead of the bright, fresh bloom of girlhood, there was the softer shadows of womanhood with perhaps a touch of sadness about the lips and eyes, making her loveliness more appealing. Carrol thought her quite as beautiful as his wife as she had been as his bride, and he never noted the sorrowful expression that marked her brow.

His mother was correct; he did not mean to be unjust and ungenerous and cross; it was his peculiar temperament which caused him to appear so. He never realized how wearing it must be to love and respect, to be in daily contact with such a nature. The time came, however, when he did.

The dreary months of this unhappy state of affairs lengthened into years. A child might perhaps have healed the breach that was undermining the tottering structure of their domestic happiness. Motherhood brings a divine dowry of patience and love, not only for the little one, but for its father as well; but this sweet compensation was denied Emily, and cruelly alone she bore her burden. At the expiration of two years, there had fallen such a blight upon Emily's health and spirits that even Carrol at length noticed her languor; some one had said to him casually one day:

"Take your wife down to Florida, Lang, and bring some roses back into her orange-blossom cheeks."

He went home and looked at her, and then saw that she was ill for the first time.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, abruptly. "Why don't you speak if you are ill? I don't like to have people talking of your changed appearance. Are you sick? What's the matter?"

She looked up, surprised at his words—he so seldom took an interest in her feelings now, well or ill.

"Can you not answer? Don't stare at me like a little fool, turning red and white; if you are sick say so, and I'll take you South for the rest of the winter."

She still did not reply; she could not. His sudden interest in her had awakened a faint hope that he still cared for her, but the rough, rude manner of his speech filled her with a dumb weak-

ness, and she could not answer him, but sank back into her chair again.

He scolded and uttered an oath—"I wish you would answer when I speak to you; what in Heaven's name is the matter with you; answer me."

She looked up, and, as the words rushed into her thought, she quoted them, in a low tone: "'Can you administer unto a *mind* diseased?'"

"Oh! it's high tragedy you are acting, is it?" he returned, with a coarse laugh. "I think it much more of a farce; but look here, Emily"—and he came closer and grasped her arm rudely—"I won't have any more of such blank nonsense; if you are ill, pack your things, and we'll go down to Florida. Do you hear? I shall expect you to be ready by Saturday. I shall arrange my business so as to start then. Come, don't be so blamed sensitive." And he made a motion to embrace her. She shrank from his touch and buried her face in her hands. "Very well, sulk it out," and he turned on his heel; then, coming back, he bent over her once more and said, in a low, angry tone, "By Heaven, I won't be treated so. Kiss me."

She did not stir.

"You refuse! — little fool!" And he lifted his right hand and struck her a blow, and left the room.

It is in such moments as these that, if there be a way open to wrong-doing, wives, stung to madness, become reckless and desperate, and rush headlong into temptation—ay, even into sin. The Lady Isabels of East Lynne and the heroines of the modern sensational drama are not creatures of fancy alone. They have their counterparts in real life, and O husbands! in more than half the unhappy cases of conjugal misery at your own doors lies the blame if your honor be tarnished!

"We wives are only what you make of us;
Indifferent, good or bad, or false or true,

We are your handiwork.

You take us from our mothers' bosoms warm,
Like birds whose tender wings all yet unfledged,
Still near the nest would lurk.

"We build our little homes upon your trees,
Of faded grasses or of colored flowers,
Whate'er you choose to bring.
We strive to patient help in little ways
To make the new grown nest a haven of love,
We pipe the songs you sing.

"Young, passionate, yet pliable and weak,
We trust to you for succor, wisdom, strength,
And trust infallibly.
E'en if we be a little warped and wrong,
A tender hand can shape us back again
To all we fain would be!

"In woman's breast there throbs no restless heart
That would not even beat, to kindly love
From him she calls her 'Lord!'"

Ah! as ye give, so shall ye then receive,
Your measure shall be meted back again
With generous accord.

"Believe then, we are but what you make of us,
The echo of your words, your thoughts, your deeds.
Oh! look well to your lives,
That they be pure, just, honorable, and true,
Affectionate and kind. Then—see yourselves,
All mirrored in your wives!"

Emily Lang was innocent of even so much as a thought of wrong-doing; there had never, in all her troubles, been one to whom she turned for sympathy. She had suffered and borne her trials alone in silent grief, but she was wrought to a sense of high-pitched indignation now, all her womanly pride and dignity was outraged and insulted, and she felt that she must leave her husband's roof and go—"anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!" She arose and dressed herself hastily and hurried out of the house. It was a cold, damp, chilly day, but she felt nothing but the hot fever that was consuming brain and body. She took an unfrequented street and walked rapidly out toward the park. One or two mill girls, on their way home to dinner, noticed the pale, haggard lady in her elegant furs as she passed them, and they stopped the half envious wish upon their lips at sight of the unhappy face above the seal-skins.

She walked restlessly on until she came to the river. How calm and peaceful its placid bosom looked! A half-born desire to lie down there and hide herself within its merciful depths crept into her mind. "Would Carrol care," she thought, "if —. No, no, not *that*! She would not be so weak and wicked and unworthy of herself!"

She stopped suddenly and sat down upon one of the benches by the river side; how long she never knew; a severe, shivering chill first roused her from her reverie; then she felt numb and cold; she could scarcely rise, and, glancing at her feet, she discovered that she was still in the light kid slippers she wore about the house, having forgotten to change them for her walking-boots when she hurried out. Shivering with cold and burning with fever, she made her way to a car, she knew not how, and rode directly to her husband's mother's home.

"Why, my dear Emily! What! How!" cried Mrs. Lang, as Emily staggered into the sitting-room and sank down upon the lounge.

"What" Mrs. Lang never fully knew, for Emily never spoke coherently again. Something of the truth, however, Mrs. Lang finally suspected from the ravings of delirium that followed the fatal illness, and a sight of the bruised arm which she discovered was strong evidence against the man who had bruised the heart of his wife as well.

Society sympathized deeply with Carrol Lang in the loss of his young wife. It looked on with an approving admiration upon the inconsolable grief he displayed, and talked for days of his lavish floral decorations at the funeral, and pointed with pride to the elaborate monument erected to his dear wife's memory!

None but his mother and sisters—those who were truly acquainted with the "elegant gentleman's" real character and disposition, ever knew that at Carrol Lang's door lay the death—heart, soul, and body—of his wife, the little fool!

KATHARINE GIFFORD.

EARLY AND LATE.

"EDUCATION 's of no use to a man in business. It's enough for him to read, write, and cipher. A young man don't need to know any more than enough to help him earn a living."

"What a pity our business men devote themselves so incessantly to business! They wear out so soon, and if they retire speedily drop off from want of employment."

Here are two modern, popular cries. But who ever thought of putting the two together? Who thinks that in one might be found the germ of an answer to the other?

"Education 's of no use—a young man only needs enough to help him earn a living." Very well, then. Shorten the time which he might devote to the cultivation of his mental powers, and put him to work as early as possible. Why, does not such a course actually tend to shorten his life by compelling him to wear out when he ought to be in his prime, and by forcing him to devote all his energies to business, simply because business is all he knows? The fact that education may aid in lengthening and freshening life is a sufficient refutation of the assumption that it is of no use, even if there were no other. Education, too, will answer the question, "What can men do after they retire from business?"

Earning a living is not our chief concern in this world. We work to live—not live to work. We live in order to learn—not learn in order to live. Your boy's algebra and Latin may or may not put dollars and cents into his pocket, but they will discipline his mind, and enable him, in a degree, to look above the petty turnouts in which he may become more or less engaged. They may help him to find congenial employment for his leisure hours, and cause him to shun any temptation to idleness and folly. They may form an agreeable, profitable change from too constant absorption in business pursuits. And when, in later years, age, infirmity, or competence causes him to leave the place of his daily toil, he may find himself still possessed of a youthful, vigorous intellect—still

capable of finding enjoyment in mental pursuits. Man first, last, always is a thinker, not a machine.

If society were constituted as it ought to be, no one would be expected to earn a penny before the age of twenty-one, but the richest years of youth would be devoted chiefly to study. But one replies, "All do not care for study!" That is simply because they are not taken and taught in time. The desire to quaff knowledge is as natural as the desire to drink water. We cannot hope for a millennial state of things yet awhile. But as it is, let every young person, male or female, secure as far as possible a complete education before embarking in the active duties of life. And let those who cannot do this, do the next best, by striving for more learning when they are older.

We often hear of young men and women graduating from our high schools and colleges, and then going into business of even what is called an ordinary kind. I heard of one young man, a wealthy one, too, who received the degree of A. B. from the University of Pennsylvania, and the next day put on a leather apron and went into a machine-shop to learn his trade. Of all such it should be said, they have done well. But they are not the only ones who deserve credit. I heard, also, of one man who, after doing a good part in the world's work, went to college and graduated when he was fifty. He did, if possible, not well, but better—for at that age, instead of settling down to dreary inactivity, he enriched the remaining twenty or thirty years of his life.

Let the young, then, study faithfully before engaging in business. Let the old do likewise, after retiring from it. And let both ends of the chain be joined by the strong, well-shaped links of continued studies. Education—for in the best sense of the word, it includes religion—is one of the never-failing panaceas for all earthly ills.

MARGARET.

By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride at their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

THE young man who begins by saving a few shillings a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work honestly done—stands a better chance to spend the rest of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair-dealing and fraud.

Mothers' Department.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

MORE than half the diseases from which children suffer are caused by the injudicious treatment they receive at the hands of those who can have no excuse for their ignorance. The influence of the brain on the digestive organs is direct. During childhood, when the brain is, in common with other organs, in a state of great activity and rapid development, the proper arrangement of diet is of the greatest importance. Cheerful activity, cleanliness, dry, pure air, adequate clothing, and a suitable regimen are indispensable promoters of health. Horses and cattle are carefully fed with the food that suits them best, and by humane people greater care is bestowed upon them than the majority of parents give to their children. Some may think we are coloring too highly this state of things, that all right-minded parents love their children too much willingly to injure them. Still, we may kill them by misguided kindness. Look into society as it is at present constituted, and your own knowledge will furnish you with instances of grievous wrong done to children by parents violating the physical laws of their being. We know many such, and we do not hesitate to say it, for such is our conviction, that if their children be not removed when young from the deteriorating example and pernicious training of their parents they will in all probability become gluttons and drunkards. High-seasoned and unwholesome food is given in such large quantities and at such irregular times that unnatural appetites are created and digestion impaired. Stimulating and poisonous substances are administered to them to invigorate their systems, which have quite the contrary effect and lay the foundation for all kinds of maladies in future years. Some mothers so stuff their children the whole year round with unwholesome, exciting, and stimulating meats and drinks that they become complete gormands, and their whole thoughts are occupied with what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. If parents would give their children good, wholesome, nourishing food, their only drink water, and let strict regularity and punctuality be observed in regard to their times of eating, a gradual change for the better would distinctly mark the rising generation, for it is most certain that parents cannot be too particular about the dietetic habits of their children. Their happiness here and hereafter greatly depends upon the right physiological training or treatment given them in early life. And yet how many mothers make their table a snare to their offspring, by pampering their appetites and loading their stomachs with improper food!

In referring to this subject, Dr. Combe has the following remarks which we strongly commend to the thoughtful consideration of every one who has the care of children:

"One of the most pernicious habits in which children can be indulged is that of almost incessant eating. Many mothers encourage it from the

facility with which the offer of 'something nice' procures peace. Even from infancy the child ought to be gradually accustomed to eat only when hungry and only when food is required; after two years of age an interval of four hours will rarely be more than enough, and to give biscuit, fruit, or bread in the meantime is just abstracting from the digestive power of the stomach. Like almost every organ of the body, the stomach requires a time of repose after the labor of digestion, and accordingly, in the healthy state, the sensation of appetite never returns till it has been some time empty. To give food sooner is analogous to making a weary traveler walk on without the refreshment of a halt.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that children would not be quiet and contented without such indulgence. On the contrary, they would be healthier and happier were the opposite system steadily pursued. The greatest obstacle to be encountered is the ignorance of the nurse or mother, and her want of resources for the entertainment and exercise of the child's bodily and mental faculties.

"If these be duly attended to the child will not think of eating till the return of appetite enforces the demand, whereas if it be left idle and neglected, everything will be carried to its mouth, as its only remaining resource against absolute inanition. So true is this that I should regard that nurse as unfit for her employment who should complain that her charge, otherwise in good health, is incessantly craving for something to eat. In this respect children are like adults. Give them something to do and to think about, and they will seek food only when hungry. But leave them idle and listless, and eating will become their chief subject of contemplation.

"In a matter so important as the rearing of children one would imagine that every mother and nurse would be anxious for instruction on the nature, functions, and wants of the beings committed to their fostering care. And yet it is notorious how rarely either one or the other of them possess even the crudest notions of the animal economy, or can give reasons for the practices they recommend, or modify them in any degree to suit modifications of circumstances and constitution. In reality, the wonder comes to be, not that so many children die, but that so many survive their early mismanagement."

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I'M going to tell you about a child who lived a great many years ago in a far-away country, a little, deformed, and homely child. When only two years old she fell and hurt herself very badly, and had to lie in bed a long time. A great hump grew on her back, her breast-bone was pushed out, and her head was drawn down between her shoulders. Her face lost its healthy color and roundness and had a pale, pinched look that was sad to see.

She was unlovely in all eyes save the eyes of her widowed mother, who lived in a mean little cottage, for they were very poor. The child's name was Elsie.

One gloomy day in midwinter, when the air was full of snow and the north winds rushing and roaring through the great forest, a woodman, in passing the poor widow's cottage, noticed that no smoke came out of the chimney, and he said to himself:

"What does this mean? I must stop and see. The widow Hermann may be sick."

So he turned aside and knocked at the door. But as no one bade him come in he lifted the latch and entered the cottage. How cold and still it was! No fire on the hearth and no sign of life.

Then he pushed open a little chamber door and saw a sight that drew tears to his eyes. On the bed, with a white but peaceful face, lay the widow Hermann, and close beside her was Elsie—the mother in the land of spirits, the child in the land of dreams. For a moment or two the woodman stood gazing at the two pale faces, and then turned noiselessly away and left the cottage. His own poor hut was nearly half a mile distant, and he ran all the way through the blinding snow.

"O Felice!" he cried, in a panting voice, as he swung open the door of his hut, "the widow Hermann is dead!"

"Well," answered Felice, coldly, "we've all got to die one time or another. It's her time now, that's all."

"But," said the woodman, "I found her dead in her cottage. I was going by and saw no smoke coming from the chimney, and so I went in to see what was the matter, and there she lay dead, with little Elsie asleep by her side. Such a sight! I haven't got over it yet!" And the man shivered.

Now Felice was not tender of feeling like her husband, but a cold, selfish, hard-hearted woman.

"It's no matter of ours," she answered. "Let somebody else find it out."

At this the woodman got angry and spoke roughly to his wife, calling her evil names. A violent quarrel, ending in blows, would have followed, had not a little, old woman, with a wrinkled face, her cloak white with snow, pushed open the door of their hut and cried, reproachfully:

"For shame, good neighbors!"

"Why, Gretchen!" said the woodman, in surprise, turning to the small, quaint figure that stood in the door, "it's no day for you to be out."

"I'm neither salt nor sugar," answered the woman, with a strange little laugh, that had in it something pleasant and cheery. "All days are alike to me when there's good to be done."

"Where are you going?" asked the woodman.

"To the widow Hermann's. She was sick yesterday; and Hans Gobreight, who drove by her cottage this morning, says he didn't see any smoke coming out of her chimney."

Felice and her husband exchanged glances.

"Then I'll go with you," said the woodman.

"Ah! that's good!" exclaimed old Gretchen.

"You were always a kind neighbor."

The woodman spoke in low tones to his wife, but she answered, sharply:

"I wonder at you, Paul, when you know I'm cramped and aching with rheumatism. It would be the death of me to go out on a day like this."

Then she drew her husband aside and said to him, in a low whisper:

"Mind ye, Paul, and don't bring that ugly Elsie home with you. I won't have her."

The woodman and the little old woman, Frau Gretchen, went in the thickly falling snow to the lonely cottage on the roadside. They found everything just as when Paul was there an hour before—the mother in the land of spirits and Elsie in the land of dreams—but did not waken the child until a fire was kindled. Then Paul lifted her up tenderly and carried her out of the chamber where she had been sleeping beside her dead mother.

Poor little Elsie! Homely, deformed, and almost helpless, what was to become of her? As the woodman held her in his arms he thought of this, and a sad feeling came into his heart. He looked into her pinched, colorless face, and it was unlovely in his eyes—nay, almost repulsive. The hump on her back came sharply against his breast and made him shiver. He was about putting her down on the floor, so strong was the feeling of dislike that came over him, when her soft little hand was laid on his, touching it gently as a falling snowflake, but with a living warmth that seemed to dissolve and run down to his heart, making it glow with a new and tender delight.

The arm that was relaxing tightened its hold on Elsie, and she was drawn closer against the woodman's breast. What did this mean? The little baby-fingers—for they were small as a baby's—still rested on Paul's great, rough hand, and the current of love kept running down to his heart and thrilling it with a strange pleasure such as he had never known. And now, when he looked into the pale, wan face, it did not seem repulsive; nay, its very homeliness was gone, and in its stead he saw something soft and pure and tender that won his love. It was a wonderful transformation.

Old Gretchen came out from the chamber of death and stood for a little while looking at the child, who was still held closely against the woodman's heart.

"Take the baby home, good neighbor," she said, "and then go for the Sisters."

"I will take her to the Sisters," answered Paul.

But Gretchen said:

"No, no! Felice and you are childless. Take her home."

Then Gretchen put warm garments around Elsie, to protect her from the snow and cold, and the woodman carried her to his hut. When Felice saw him enter with the child in his arms she flew into a great passion.

"Why did you bring the ugly wretch here?" she cried. "Take her to the Sisters!" And she waved her hand toward the door.

The poor child shrank in terror against the woodman's breast. One little soft hand lay in his, and the magic of its touch filled his heart with love and courage.

Paul did not heed his wife, but sat down with the child in his arms, and commenced taking off

"Poor little one!"

And stooping down she gathered the child into her arms and kissed her pale face with motherly tenderness. As she did so the hand of Elsie was laid on her face, and it seemed as if a new life came out of the hand, warm and sweet and full of tenderness and love.

"We will keep her, Paul," said his wife, "and I will be a mother to her."

Did Elsie know of the strange power that lay in her small hand? I think she did. It was soft and weak as a baby's, and yet so wonderfully strong that its touch could change anger into love. What a gift it was! Better for her, poor little motherless one! deformed in body and unlovely in countenance, than to have been the possessor of great riches, for gold does not bring love—love, the best and sweetest thing in life.

Leaving Elsie with his wife, the woodman went through the fast-falling snow to the convent not



the thick wrappings that old Gretchen had put round her.

"Take her away! Take her away!" cried Felice, more angrily. "Take her to the Sisters!"

But Paul answered, firmly: "No, Felice, we will keep the poor little thing. She has no mother now, and you will be a mother to her."

On hearing this the woman became more enraged, and threatened to fling Elsie out into the snow if her husband did not take the child off instantly.

And now a wonderful thing happened. Elsie struggled out of the kind arms that held her and, standing before the woman, touched one of her hands gently. A quick change was seen in the woman's face. An angry word died half-spoken on her tongue. She stood very still, though a moment before her body swayed with passion.

The child's soft hand rested on the woman's hand so lightly that it seemed like down. A long silence. Then Felice said, in a voice that trembled with feeling:

far off and told the Sisters of poor widow Hermann's death, as Gretchen had desired him to do, and then returned home, for he felt troubled about Elsie, knowing his wife's harshness and bad temper. He would not have been greatly surprised if he had found little Elsie shivering in the snow outside of his hut. The magic of her touch he did not yet understand. He had felt its power, yet did not perceive clearly from whence it came. The love born of that touch was very sweet, but his dull mind did not see how, like an electric current, it had leaped from her fingers to his heart, and from her fingers to the heart of Felice.

Paul did not find Elsie lying in the snow outside of his hut, but fast asleep, with her head resting peacefully on the bosom of Felice, who raised her finger in silent warning as he entered, and then let her eyes fall with a gaze of tenderness on the child, whose soft hand lay closely shut within one of her own. Paul came and sat down by his wife and bent lovingly over the sleeping little one.

"She isn't at all homely," whispered Felice,

gazing down at the poor, pinched face. "I never saw such beautiful hair"—and she lifted some of it on her fingers—"it is like spun gold. And such soft skin, Paul! I've been looking at it for ever so long. See how the blue veins run across her temples and over her eyelids and down her white neck. Oh! I think her almost handsome, Paul. We will keep her. She shall be ours—our own Elsie, if she is deformed, poor little one."

And Felice could not help kissing the child just as a fond mother would have done. Elsie's large eyes opened, and she looked wonderingly and half-frightened into the faces bending over her. They were so full of love that her heart took courage and the scared look vanished.

The child did not ask for her mother, but by her sorrowful face and eyes, every now and then filling with tears, it was plain to the woodman and his wife that Elsie knew her mother was dead, and the pity they felt made them love her the more.

Now the Sisters at the convent, when they heard that Elsie had been taken home by Paul, said one to another:

"This will never do. Felice is cold, selfish, and cruel, and will be unkind to the child. She must come into the convent as one of God's poor."

And they sent two of their number to the woodman's hut to bring Elsie away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Religious Reading.

THE SOUL'S OUTLOOK.

IT is said that the great philosopher, Emanuel Kant, was wont to study and write before a window which looked out on the grand cathedral. Whenever he raised his eyes from the page they looked out on its marvelous windows and towers and turrets, and the mind took a moment's rest and refreshment in the silent enjoyment of its beauty. But at length the trees grew up around it and intercepted his view. He found his mind growing depressed and even its powers impaired. A friend at length learned the cause and was able to procure a relief. The foliage was trimmed away until it no longer intercepted his view, and his heart rejoiced once more on beholding the beloved vision.

The earthly outlook upon which our eyes rest often is a matter of real moment to us. The woods and hills and shady brooksides of our childhood have had more to do in shaping our characters than we can ever know. But these things are but little in our choice. Our early surroundings are wholly in the hands of others.

But the spiritual outlook is a matter far more important, and that we may fix for ourselves. It is a blessed thing to have the heart turn often, with the eye of faith, toward the heavenly hills and dwell on the beauties of the scene. We shall gather from them a new inspiration and stimulus for duty here, and the brief rest will enable us to renew our strength. It is a sad case for any heart to have the trees of worldliness grow up and shut out the fair vision, more glorious than all this world's cathedrals. The soul will quickly find its powers enfeebled and its moral resistance to evil utter weakness when this outlook is obscured. It is only those who live most nearly to our Lord who can do valiant service as good soldiers in His cause.

To one who is sweetly resting in the Divine love there is no thought that can so cheer the heart as that of the Heavenly Home, "Forever with the Lord." It can make the couch of suffering easy, it can lighten the heaviest burdens of the road, and even rob death of its sting.

An aged traveler was resting at last by his own hearthstone, blind and helpless, but as he sat there musing in the dark, his face often wore a look of deep and quiet enjoyment. He could not see the

flat marshes before his dwelling, but his mind's eye rested again on the sunny vinelands and the flashing waters he had seen in his many journeyings.

A heart to look up in all the events of life, whether sad or joyous, is better than a dwelling in king's palaces. It is a spirit that will bring us at last to the City of the Great King, where faith will give place to light and no obscuring mist will ever dampen our joy.

J. E. McC.

THE TAPESTRY-WORKER.

"CARRY me out, my brethren,
For I can work no more;
Carry me out to meet Him—
My Master at the door!
The sun is slowly setting,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
And the task He gave is finished;
Carry me out to Him!

"The task He gave is finished:
I mind when it began,
How joyously and swiftly
The busy moments ran;
In ardor for His service,
Methought I wrought so well
That e'en His own appointments
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition
There fell the hand Divine,
That quietly effac'd it—
My dearly loved design.
And whilst I sore lamented
For beauty swept away,
'More beauty hath obedience,'
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,
And turned to toil anew,
Leaving to Him the guidance,
Whose plans are sure and true;
And though to trace His pattern
At times I vainly tried,
My heart found rest, remembering
He sees the other side.

"I sat behind the canvas,
I saw no beauty grow,
I held His own directions—
Enough for me to know;
Many had wider portions
Of clearer, brighter hue,
But the old man in the corner
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory
Shine out from this my weft,
Still He will not be angry—
I did the task He left.
And now that I am helpless,
And weary is my frame,
My brethren, in the distance
I hear Him call my name."

They bore the old man gently
Forth from the working-room,
Forth from the ended labor,
Forth from the silent loom,

And down a Voice came floating,
A Voice serene and blest,
"O good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty
Thy yearning soul was tried;
Open thine eyes to beauty
Upon the *other* side!
Behind the canvas toiling,
Thou didst not dream of this,
That every shadow-tangle
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious
Into the pattern given,
Was weaving rich perfection
Of love and life in heaven.
Now rise thou to the glory
By lowly hearts possessed,
Who but fulfill my bidding,
And leave to me the rest!"

MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE, *Sunday Magazine*.

The Home Circle.

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

IN the first place, remember that you cannot save time by sitting up late at night; you will lose time, and, worse still, strength and health also if once you begin this pernicious practice. The first step to be taken in saving time is to retire in good season—that is, be in bed and all ready to go to sleep by ten o'clock, and half-past nine would be better still.

By keeping up this habit you will find yourself rested in the morning and can rise early and get your work out of the way in good season, securing thus an extra hour in the forenoon. I am talking to the busy bees, you perceive, and not to the drones who care nothing about saving time. Yet I will say to any mother, kept awake by a baby or a sick child, this article is not intended for you, because you are entitled to an extra hour's sleep in the morning if you can get it. Well, having risen early, you can have an early breakfast, or if the other members of your household object to that, then you can do up some of the after-breakfast sweeping and dusting before breakfast; this will prove a great saving of time. One hour of the fresh, bright morning before breakfast is worth two of the after breakfast hours. You can accomplish twice as much while you feel fresh and clear-headed, before the cobwebs begin to gather in the chambers of your brain.

Another way in which to save time is to learn how to simplify work. For instance, take the homely task of "dish-washing." Make a hot soap-suds by stirring a piece of soap around a few times in the water, then laying it aside so that it will not adhere to the dishes. Into this hot soap-suds plunge the glassware very quickly, so as not to break. I would say just here that the suds should not be hotter than you can bear your hand in for a second. Wipe each article as you lift it from the water. Then put in the silver and treat in

the same manner, then the cups and saucers if you have any to wash. Now throw away this water, grown cold and somewhat soiled. Before making a new supply of soap-suds take a bit of cloth, or paper will do, and wipe all the grease from the rest of the dishes. You will need but to plunge these plates, dishes, etc., into the hot suds, which you can make hotter than for glassware, and wipe immediately on a dry towel. If you have not tried this plan you will be surprised to see how quickly the dishes will be all washed and wiped.

Are there any other ways of saving time? Yes, I think so. When setting the table take a large tea-tray to the china closet or pantry and fill it with the dishes you will need, having laid the cloth. You will then have but one journey from table to cupboard, instead of a dozen. Pursue the same plan when clearing the table. Bring in a large pan in which to place the soiled dishes to be carried to the kitchen. Place all remnants of food and unsoiled dishes on the tray and stop on your way to the pantry to leave the unused dishes in the china closet, and then proceed to the pantry with the food. When you go down cellar for anything try to think up all the articles you will need for the preparation of dinner or tea, and then take a large basket or pan with you and bring everything at once. These may appear trifles, but life is made up of trifles, and truly there are no trifles in God's world. He brings wonderful events to pass by using just such trifles. Do you not know that by saving moments you will save hours?

Another thing I would like to impress upon your mind—Never waste your time by standing, dish-towel in hand, talking. If you cannot talk and work too, let the talking wait. Never sit down to gossip while the work is still undone; neither should you stand at the door discussing trifles while you have work waiting. Wait until your work is all out of the way and then sit down for a good, long rest. If you are very tired you

will save time in the end by throwing yourself upon the lounge or taking an easy chair and resting thoroughly before taking up your sewing or books for study. If you try to drive a jaded horse he will give out before you reach your journey's end. Better rest and feed him well; then he will accomplish the remainder of the journey in half the time. Even so if you strive to drive your worn-out body; you will soon find yourself unable to do half the work you could accomplish if you had taken a good rest. When you are weary, rest. Weariness is Nature's call for rest. Do not forget this. There are many ways of saving time which I have not mentioned, but you will find them out for yourself if you follow out the few hints I have given you. Our lives are short, it is true, but we can lengthen them by making the most of every day the good Lord gives us. It is our duty to save time, and it is a sin to waste the precious hours given us as a sacred trust.

RUTH ARGOYLE.

ABOUT HOUSE PLANTS.

BY all means have some plants in your house. Whether you dwell in the city or in the country, have a bit of nature where you can see it morning, noon, and night, and you will find in it refreshment to your soul. Half the pleasure of plants is gone when one must call in a professional floriculturist to make them bloom. It is better to start at the beginning, put your hand in Nature's, and walk step by step with her. Let your plants be fostered from the seed or from the cutting and every step of their growth will be a part of yourself, and when they bloom they will be your plants indeed.

The best earth for plants is decomposed soda. This can be obtained by stacking up a pile of sods for a year and letting the rains and the frost do the work. A very good soil can be prepared by mixing one part of woods-earth (the decomposed leaves found about the rugged stumps of trees), one part sand, two parts loam, and one part of very well rotted stable compost. If you live in the city take your first holiday, buy a ticket for some place into the country, pack your picnic basket, and make the gathering of the woods-earth a holiday for yourself and your children. If you haven't any children, borrow some of your neighbors. Never go for a day into the woods, without taking one or more children along. They have such a keen sense of finding things and are so happy and full of fun. Many a sad thought is driven away by their merry shouts and glad surprises.

I need not tell you what pretty objects are hanging pots and baskets. Large shells make very pretty hanging baskets. The cluster sweet-scented yellow oxalis is the queen of all plants for hanging baskets. Plants will not grow without light and pure air; dust is the greatest enemy to house plants. All plants do not need sunshine, so if you have no sunny windows do not despair of having pretty plants. Ferns, many of the palms, wandering Jew, ivies, and lily of the valley need but very little sun. But all plants require pure, fresh air. Most plants thrive best in moist air. A growing plant needs as much washing as a baby, and if this is faithfully attended to there will be

no cry about slugs, lice, or the little pest of a red spider which does so much mischief among the roses. When a plant has done blossoming set it away in the dark. There it will rest for awhile; then it will have a period of root growth and by and by new shoots and leaves will appear; then it is ready for blooming again; place it in the sunlight and you will be surprised at its beauty.

IRENE LUNT.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 9.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOME CIRCLE:—Are you all here, ready to welcome each other to another year? Are you ready to meet it with hearts brave and strong to face its cares and trials and thankfully to receive whatever blessings it may bring, using them rightly and yielding them up submissively if it is required? Or do some of you shrink from it with painful dread, or wearily take up its burdens with small interest in what its employment may be, feeling that there can be little joy or comfort in them? What will it bring to us and what will it take away is a question which must often arise in the minds of many. It is a merciful provision, in most cases, that we cannot foresee what losses may befall us, but are allowed to enjoy our blessings, often without fear, until the time when they slip away from us. For it would be unendurable were we always to have before us the knowledge and dread of the pain which is often so desolating when some dear companion is taken away, or bitter and deplorable when it is health or prosperity that we are deprived of. He knows what is best and keeps the veil in mercy before our eyes.

And yet we say, If we could only know in some cases what the near future holds for us we could surely prepare ourselves better for it sometimes and make things turn out better in the end. But who can tell with certainty? We might even then make just as great mistakes as now. He knows best, and we must trust that this, too, is mercy. Some of the wise and good believe that if we ask Him earnestly and continually to give us "a right judgment and understanding in all things," we will be so guided as to do what is best. It would be a great comfort if we could think this always when we are troubled and in doubt as to what to do in matters of great import.

The year now dying has taken from us treasures prized by many and one which must be felt as a national loss by loving, appreciative hearts throughout the length and breadth of this broad land, for who will fill our sweet "head-singer's" place? It seemed strange at first to think of living in the world without Longfellow, who had ever been a favorite poet since my mind was mature enough to understand the meanings and appreciate the worth and beauty of his simplest songs. His "Psalm of Life," "The Builders," and "The Rainy Day" were lessons for all the future. "Maidenhood" enchanted me with its beautiful fancies and gentle admonitions, and "The Day is Done" came softly to me in many a twilight hour, chasing shadows of sadness or weariness away. In later years "Evangeline" thrilled the heart with its beautiful story of woman's constancy and devotion, and "Footsteps

of Angels" waked the echoes of its deepest, most sacred memories. His talents were not those of brilliancy or originality, but his pure, elevated thoughts were often inspiring as well as pleasing, while they taught the best of life lessons or were fraught with deep religious feeling.

The tidings of his removal brought a pang at first, yet we could not have hoped to keep him much longer here, and he is not lost to us as one who leaves no voice behind. His words, in sweet comforting or soothing cadences, or stirring appeal or holy truth, live ever, to speak to all who will read or listen. His own statement of men is true of himself, that

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time—
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Doubtless there are many who have been helped and heartened by his counsel, and encouraged to "look not mournfully into the past," but to "wisely improve the present," and "go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." Our shadowy future is the year lying just before us. May kind Providence give strength and courage for its work, keep us from being too eager to lay down its tasks when we may weary of them, or, if the Master sees fit to call us away, let us not cling too fondly to them, but be found ready to "go up higher."

There is a mighty work awaiting the women of our land this coming year—the temperance work, in which they have of late been laboring so earnestly and effectively. The extent of the good they have accomplished was utterly unknown to us here until a few months ago, when we entered the ranks ourselves to give what help we could in the peaceful yet determined warfare against the most terrible enemy by which we have ever been assailed. Now from all directions the tidings are coming of triumphs which should encourage all to persevere and fight on, until complete victory shall be won in the grandest war that has ever been waged. What a glorious emancipation it will be if our whole country can ever be set free from the shackles which bind so many of its people in a slavery worse than the iron fetters of any prison! O New Year! hasten on thy way, bringing good for all.

There are many homes I would like to look into as its months pass along—many friends whose faces I have never seen, whose hands I would so gladly clasp and hear the voices which now I can only imagine. The wayside rocks on which we linger to chat with each other may be few and far between for awhile, yet my thoughts will be often with those among you who have brightened the way by your affection. Often do I wish for ability to answer all the letters received, which are deeply appreciated, although my silence may seem to denote otherwise. Especially to those who are "shut in" would it be a pleasure and privilege to send words of sympathy and cheer. Tidings reach me that wonderful improvement in health has come to numbers of the "Shut-in Band" during the past year, and a few who have long been incurable invalids have, through earnest prayer

for recovery, with perfect faith that their prayer would be granted, even though they could see no immediate signs of it—drawn so near to the great Physician that they have touched His garment's hem and been made whole, and are now going about, working and rejoicing in this new, blessed life, given to them through His mercy.

Incredible as this must seem to most minds, unless they knew all the particulars personally or saw the working of this miracle, yet we have evidence in these cases that we cannot doubt, and it is with deep thankfulness that I hear of each one thus released from the bondage of suffering. But there are few who can believe fully enough to receive such benefit. Some who have tried this blessed way have failed because they were not steadfast enough, but, timid and doubting when pain or weakness came to try them, were seized with fear and finally fell away, thus losing the blessing they might have gained through unwavering faith. For the promise is: "According to your faith be it unto you," and the Apostle James, speaking of those who doubt or waver, says, "Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Let us continue to pray for each other and for more faith unceasingly, and may the New Year bring blessing to each one and health to those whom the Lord sees are fitted to receive it.

LICHEN.

IN MINE ATTIC, November, 1882.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:—These dreary, sunless November days remind me cruelly that Fate still stands at the castle door of the "Shut-in Band" and loweringly says, "You have not yet suffered enough; WAIT!"

A long, cold winter is in prospect. How shall we poor "shut-in" creatures endure the long hibernation? Not with complainings, idle and weak—if we can help it—I am sure.

Few are the hands or heads so weak but that they can be busy at something. Idleness is the mother and father of discontent, and when it is not enforced should never be permitted.

When sickness enforces idleness we must submit to the necessary point, but so far as we can retain one or more faculties for our own comfort or others' we should feel bound to do so.

As I have lain in my Wilson's invalid chair and read the sweet messages to the Home Circle from Lichen and others of the Shut-in Band I have thanked them as if the words were written for me in particular, and have often felt that even I might aid some sufferer in learning to bear by offering my experience.

First, never to be idle except when pain filled the time. Patchwork, crocheting, embroidery, knitting, edging, decorative work, reading, writing, laughing, and talking form quite a pleasing variety.

The pen always possessed a magical attraction for me, but circumstances forbade my yielding to the passion—there was no time. In my chair the time was found; there has been written serials, sketches, letters, and book-reviews—thousands of pages! What if the publishers never guessed that those welcome packages were opened on the foot-board of an invalid's chair? It did not matter whether the hand was weak that wrote if the reviews were strong.

But you will say that you have neither talent for such labor, nor genius and patience for piecing and embroidering a chair-back with four hundred and thirty-three pieces. Very well; but you need not be idle. Do something else then. Before me lie two letters in some New York dailies sent to me by a kind friend. I think I have found something for myself and others whose work must be *within and very light*.

These letters describe an exhibition of American grown silk cocoons by the New York Silk Exchange. After much study it seems to me that the whole management of a cocoonery could be attended to by a partial invalid. The "season" is but six weeks in length, and occupies the first six weeks from the time the mulberry leaf begins to put out. The very season so trying to most of us poor mortals when the bright—but oh! how uncertain!—days sorely tempt us out against the wisdom of experience.

If there is not a boy in our own household we surely can borrow (for twenty-five cents a day) one from our neighbors' surplus to gather our mulberry leaves, which will be the only work we could not do. Assistance we would need, but the sure profits would warrant us in hiring members of our own or "the neighbors'" families to help us.

Is there one among us but that has felt the *exceeding bitterness of always* being an expensive burden? Just think of it; to be able at a merely nominal expense to earn a profit in six weeks of one or two hundred dollars! Oh! the sweetness of independence! Let us invest twenty-five cents in *Cupadell's Silk Manual*, a text-book for schools, just issued by W. B. Smith & Co., New York, and then let us strive for the premiums publicly offered for the ten largest quantities and best qualities of American silk cocoons. This light, interesting employment seems to belong particularly by fitness to the "Shut-in Band."

With love,
KESIAH SHELTON.

A HAPPY HOME.

A HAPPY home is a glorious and instructive sight, one which it does the heart good to see, and which once beheld leaves an ineffaceable impression on the mind. But, alas! how rarely is such a home to be met with! Every day we enter family circles that, to our unaccustomed eyes, seem brimming over with mutual love and happiness. But how much of it is real? Do we not too often find that it is nothing more than a holiday garb put on for the occasion, and vanishing with the guest in whose honor it was donned? This fact will not seem strange when we recollect how easy it is to destroy the peace and unanimity of home. One unquiet spirit, one restless and unruly soul, will transform the calmest circle into a place of torment. A family circle resembles an electrical one. As long as all are similar in disposition, as long as all are actuated by the same motives of mutual love, the current of affection will flow freely and undisturbed; but, introduce one foreign nature, one impenetrable member, and the circle is immediately broken, the current is disturbed, and where before all was harmony and peace is now chaos and confusion. Still, even under its worst aspect there is a charm in home. Which of us is it that, wandering in the stormy paths of the world, does not look back with a cer-

tain degree of reverential affection on that old familiar spot, even though its memories may be linked with many an unhappy thought? The lime-tree beneath whose shadow we rested our weary limbs in the sultry days of summer; the old garden, the theatre of many a daring exploit; the small bed-room where in the long winter nights we wept ourselves to sleep, and there slumbered soundly until the broad sunshine woke us again with all our cares forgotten, and cast off with the joyous indifference of childhood—all these come refreshingly back upon our memories when, amid the roar and turmoil of the world, we sigh over the chequered days of our youth; when we begin to discover that the age and independence of manhood has not brought that happiness we once imagined; and that after all the careless boy, even with the rod in the background, may be a fairer picture than the worldly, calculating man.

DON'T ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE CHILDREN.

NOTHING can be a greater mistake than to consider young people as destitute of understanding; their understanding should rather be appealed to and consulted. Do we not all remember how, when young, we were imposed upon? How our elders sought sometimes to put us off; how they gave us evasive answers or explanations; how they told us some plausible story as an excuse or as a reason? And do we not remember that even in our youth and simplicity we were quite capable of seeing through their manoeuvres? Do we not all remember how, when any one endeavored to keep us in ignorance of some proceeding of which we were made accidentally cognizant, we could divine very correctly the real motive for sending us out of the way with some false excuse? Now in a case of this kind, which comes within the pale of parental authority, the will of the parent alone ought to be sufficient to control the child. But there should be no stifling of truth and no relaxation of duty. If, as often will happen, it is not expedient or proper for children to know a particular fact or incident, they should be told so with frankness and kindness but at the same time with firmness. We are too apt to overlook the intelligence of these little people and address ourselves to their stature. We forget mind, which is invisible, in the presence of matter, which is seen. The treatment of children must always, for their own sakes, differ much from that of fullgrown men and women; our manner of addressing them must also be different; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should not give them full credit for the amount of intelligence they do possess; and we may every day see children with more discrimination, greater good sense, and better regulated moral deportment, than many whose tall figure or riper age has invested them with the consequence of men and women.

NO MAN can be considered a sound moral teacher unless he somehow impresses people with the truth that feeling good is of no value, except as a condition precedent to doing good—in other words, that righteousness of conduct, not pleurability of emotion, is the true touchstone of moral character.

Evenings with the Poets.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

"THE mistress is dyin', the docthors have said
so,
Och, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our
deaths?"

To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, an' countin' the breaths?
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' a hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very completely,
An' very contintedly lave us to die!

"The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—
The master just worships the ground 'neath her
tread.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' and
pretty—

Is there no cross ould woman could go in her
stead?

She trates us so kindly, we think it an honor
To larn from herself her own ilegant ways.

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do when she's dead, if you
plase?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smil'd as he ran to his carriage and book,
Jist afther he told us the darlint was dyin'—
Shure, if she recovered, how quare he would
look!

I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who
knows?

I am but a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose!"

So down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can
bring.

The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implor'd with a force that my verse cannot
give,

With the zeal of a saint and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might
live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer
in,

In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce under-
stand.

Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and
glazed—

He knew in his heart there could be no reaction,
He just sat and *saw her*—in fact, he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver—
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes!

A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his
wife—
Is it light before death? is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily LIFE!

Oh! send for the doctor—death hangs on each
minute—

They wait for his fiat as that of a god—
Who sagely remarks that there is something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in
sadness;

The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, 'mid her glad-
ness,

To think that they none of them know of her
prayer.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN JERNINGHAM'S
JOURNAL."

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing foot
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream,
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Housekeepers' Department.

"HOW TO DO THINGS."

THAT is what a young wife wants to know, "How to do things," in the pathetic letter that came to us one day last week. Her school books are laid aside, her music piled up, her pretty white forehead freed from the fluff and ringlets and bangs, and with her sleeves rolled up she announces herself ready to learn the mysteries of cooking and housework.

We will answer her questions on the three or four topics she specifies on condition that she opens her piano and takes down the heap of sheet music and forgets that she ever laid restrictions on her beautiful accomplishment.

Cooking is not drudgery—it does not demand any sacrifice—and Annie must not think that marriage is a stern monitor forbidding the indulgence of the pleasures of her girlhood days.

First she mentions chicken pie. Well, our sister Ida, with her two babies, Kitty and Grace, came yesterday to visit us in the absence of her husband. After congratulations and lots of kisses for the dear babies, whom we do not see oftener than three times a day, we said:

"Now, Sissy, we want you to have a good time while you are here, and first tell us what to get for dinner."

Very frankly she answered in her bustling, girlish way:

"O Pipsey! one of your good chicken pies!"

We looked at the clock; it was eight in the morning; we looked at the fire; the teakettle is always boiling in case of an emergency. We filled our apron pocket with corn and stepped into the back yard, and in less than one minute a fat, yellow-legged pair of pullets waltzed over the ground at our feet. In five minutes more we were cleaning them on a thick brown paper in the pantry in reach of Ida's voice.

We saved the feathers—they dry in a little while beside the stovepipe up-stairs, and they make such nice little, soft pillows to warm and put in the foot of the beds in the cold winter nights. No, we never waste a handful of chicken feathers. And though it may seem a good deal like the old story of "Cap'n Rice he gin a treat," we must tell it in our own way—how we make a baked chicken pot-pie. We are writing now for the little Annies who have lately commenced housekeeping.

We boil in plenty of water until the fowls are done. Half an hour or so before they are sufficiently cooked we put in salt to suit the taste. When done, lift the chicken and stand it aside to cool, leaving the kettle of broth on the stove where it will keep hot.

We make the dough for the crust out of our prepared flour. Sift a six-ounce package of Horsford's phosphatic baking-powder into twelve pounds of flour, or a large package into twenty-five pounds of flour, as you please—putting away the flour, covered up, for special uses. Take about two quarts of this flour, a lump of butter the size of a walnut with the hull on, a pinch of salt, and sweet milk enough to make up a soft dough. Do not knead it, only so that it will stick together.

A great deal depends on working lively, for the sooner the materials for the pie are put together the better it will be. Have an iron kettle ready—the one you use to cook potatoes in would be about the right size, probably—grease it with butter, and then flour your kneading board and roll out the dough to half an inch in thickness and cut into strips and bits. Lay some of the strips across the bottom and sides of the kettle, and begin putting in parts of the chicken, alternating with the strips of paste, with little bits of butter cut up and rolled in flour; an occasional dash of pepper, a trifle of salt if needed, until all the chicken and dough are used except a bit of the dough the size perhaps of your fist. Lay your pie evenly in the kettle; if it is highest in the centre it will not get well done as soon as the rest. We have seen excellent chicken pies quite doughy in the centre, or, as the old house-mother snuffily expressed it, "it was kind of sad."

Then if the chickens were not really plump and nice, put a little slice of butter in the top of the pie, take half the lump of dough, roll it out round into a cover, cut a slit in the middle, and lay it on for a top crust; pour half the hot broth over and get the pie into the oven immediately. If the baking fire is a little too hot invert a spider over the pie.

In about half an hour roll out the remaining bit of dough into another top crust and lay it on over the nicely browned one. Cut slits in it, too, for the escape of the steam. In a few minutes the rest of the hot broth may be poured on the pie; be sure you have plenty, for a dry baked chicken pie is faulty. This will bake in one hour.

Have your platters and tureens warm, ready, and if it is winter time pour hot water over the dinner-plates in your dishpan and let them be warm too. This is a nice, quick way to warm plates in cold weather. This pie will be brown and crisp and light, and the most fastidious epicure cannot find fault with it. And one of the advantages, too, is that it is not unlike the Mother Goose pudding, which

"The Queen next morning fried,"

for it can be steamed for a subsequent dinner and will be even better than at first. Sometimes when we are going to have company in which there are children we bake a chicken pie the day before to save time and strength, and then we steam it in the large steamer and treat our friends to something new and nice and a good deal out of the common line of dinners. It always is sure to please. Or, if we are going to have hands and want to economize time we frequently make one for the next day's dinner; or if we are knotting comforts or making up the men's clothes and do not want to lose time we sneak out of the common routine in this pleasant way. So we have told Annie how to do this one thing well and be able to win the praise of her husband and his friends. This is what every young wife is anxious to do.

And now we will jot down a few things that Annie will be glad to know; she can learn them

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from another's experience instead of having such slow practical knowledge come to her little by little, and line upon line, all the way through a life-time. We are very sure that some of these hints will be brand-new to her.

We often read in the domestic corner or column of newspapers how to clean *rusty flatirons*, and it is invariably suggested that bees' wax is infallible, or kerosene, or white wax, or a dozen other remedies which look very well on paper but are really not worth the trying. An excellent remedy is to use sand-paper; lay it on the floor and iron over it a few times and you will be pleased with the result. Old pieces of sand-paper thrown aside in cabinet shops are best.

The quickest way to make good *piecrust* is to take equal measures of lard and cold water. We learned this from a little lass who kept house for us when we used to go away to the woods and mountains for a few weeks' rest in the beautiful Junes. We have even seen the bright little Alice use for a measure a little white dessert dish that stood on the lower shelf of the cupboard. In all things she was so systematic that we learned to admire her pretty ways.

To keep away little *red ants*, dip strips of cloth in a solution of corrosive sublimate and lay them along the edges of pantry shelves. It is an invaluable preventive.

We hope the Annies in their efforts to learn how to do things well and properly will see the error so many cleanly housewives have fallen into when they wash *milk-pails and strainers* in hot water. They do not know that the sudden heat instead of cleansing and scalding will "set" every particle of milk and sediment and soon clog the fine wires of the strainer and render impure every seam in the tin pails. They should first be washed well in tepid or cold water, wiped with a cloth, and then scalded with boiling water. Occasionally the wire strainer and the seams in pails and pans should be looked after with a fine stiff brush and warm soap-suds. Such utensils require vigilant care and cleanliness.

And just here comes in a bit of economy that may be of use to Annie or some of her friends, if not now, perhaps some other time. A lady of our acquaintance had a beautiful *broche shawl*, the centre of which was soiled. Some women would not have observed the dim streak that ran corner-wise across the crimson centre, but the owner was fastidious, perhaps over-nice, though we do not think she was. It annoyed her, and one time at her leisure she very carefully cut out the centre, and, with the deftest stitches and daintiest touches of needle and fine silk of corresponding color and fingers of an artist, she sewed in a new part and made the pretty shawl newer and handsomer than ever. It was no task for her to follow around every leaf and spray and marked line with the fine art known to so many accomplished women of the present day.

This same woman wore a *beautiful plume*, the workmanship of her own skillful fingers. It was all the ornament on her hat. When she told us how it was made we resolved to write it out for the girl-readers of ARTHUR. It was made of cock feathers, the bright, bronzy, shining tips that glint and tilt so jauntily in the sunshine. Take a piece of cap-wire, the kind milliners use in making elderly ladies' caps—it is very pliant and

perhaps the fourth of an inch in width. Begin at the end and sew on the tips, one in the centre and one at each side, slanting—the slant determining the width of the plume. Proceed this way. You will understand that every three tips you sew on will hide the stems of the three preceding tips. This may be made very beautiful and at no cost at all, but a saving of from two to five dollars, the cost of one of these pretty plumes.

Poultry dealers about the holidays ship a great deal of dressed poultry to the city markets. They pick their fowls generally without scalding or wetting the feathers, and this opportunity of securing the fine, bright, bronzy feathers of ducks should not be omitted by those wishing to obtain them. The tips could be cut off while the fowls were alive, and by this means none but the best would be the reward. Three or four girls together could make a pleasant pastime or recreation of this diversion or diverging from the usual routine of woman's employment.

Since we began writing this article we have made a note of a few little economies that have come in our way. Ever since the receipt of Annie's letter we have been thinking about her and others similarly situated. We want to help them and do them good. The little Alice to whom we referred is with us now. Strange that she, the baby for whom we bought hair-ribbons and bib aprons and candy birds just a few years ago, should be so helpful to us. She and Lily were *papering a room* yesterday with paper to match the carpet, red and gold and gray, with the red predominating, like flamy poppies on meadow banks. Alice remarked that the border would cost almost as much as the paper, and then she compressed her rose-bud mouth thoughtfully, as though she had an idea. We told her to manage the best way she could, but be sure and have the border to correspond with the paper on the walls. How sharp! She bought one bolt of paper, with three wide stripes in it, for twenty-five cents, and cut the stripes out for a border. It was really beautiful, and we were pleased with her selection.

When she makes *pumpkin pies* she goes about it so quietly that we do not notice what she is doing. She does it this way: she cooks squash for dinner by steaming it in the steamer, then makes a bowl of custard and takes the squash that was left over and scrapes it fine with a spoon and stirs it into the custard. This is economical and saves time, and is really better pumpkin pie than if made of a coarse-grained pumpkin.

The widow who lives in the low log cabin that was once a seething still-house does our knitting. She sent home three pairs of *stockings* to-day, and before Alice laid them away in the basket she took some yarn, a little finer, and just above where the new and old work joined together, above the heel, she ran the thread back and forth in fine darning stitch to strengthen the cloth. That was the weak place and the one that would have given way first. It was a kind, motherly, thoughtful act. It is advisable to save time, strength, means, and good health. The latter is the key to happiness. Young wives, we fear, are often guilty of economizing too little in many of these ways.

While we commend the thrift of the household, well managed, we would urge them to husband

well their opportunities and make them helpful, useful, wholesome. We liked the character of the thrifty Lois Hinsdale, in Miss Woolson's *Anne*, and we laughed heartily at the cute New England frugality that sternly outspoke when the poor, tried woman, summing up the doctor's shiftlessness, said, "*he never saves strings!*"

PIPSEY POTTS.

RECIPES.

GELATINE APPLES.—Gelatin apples are excellent and wholesome made in the following manner: Peel and core the apples, leaving them whole; put in a kettle and boil, adding a slice or two of lemon, a little green ginger, and sugar. Cook the apples till tender. Take them up carefully, boil down the sirup, and add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine which has been dissolved in four spoonfuls of water to a cup of this sirup. Pour this over the apples and set them where the whole will cool.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Choose half a dozen tomatoes of as nearly the same size as possible; cut

off the top, and take out carefully with a spoon the insides; rub the pulp through a sieve; then add to it, stirring vigorously, two large spoonfuls of bread-crumbs, a little melted butter, and pepper and salt to suit your taste; fill the tomatoes with this, put on the covers, and bake them in a moderate oven. Bake on an earthen pie plate or pudding dish.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel and core eight or ten medium-sized apples; lay them in cold water until the sirup is prepared in which to boil them; make a sirup with a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of water, the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon, and a few pieces of stick cinnamon. When a clear sirup, put in the apples and simmer until soft. Take up the apples with a draining-spoon and put them on the dish in which they are to be served; boil up the sirup and pour over them; make a soft custard with the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a scant quart of milk. When cold spread it over the apples. Whip the whites of the eggs, flavor with lemon, and place on the custard. Color it in the oven.

Health Department.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WARM UNDERCLOTHING.

THE following extract in regard to warm undergarments is taken from a work recently published by P. Blackiston, Son & Co., of this city, entitled *On Slight Ailments: Their Causes, Nature, and Treatment*. By Lionel S. Beale, M. D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine at King's College, London. Though written chiefly for the climate of England, the practical suggestions it contains will be found valuable to a large class of persons in this country who suffer from various ailments, all having their origin in the waste of vital heat which comes from insufficiently warm underclothing:

Although in winter digestion is often very good, and not uncommonly weak stomachs work better in cold than they do in hot weather, there can be no doubt that some of the most obstinate forms of indigestion arise from the body not being sufficiently protected. Those who adopt light clothing in an ungenial climate are very likely to suffer, and I feel pretty confident that, next to injudicious eating and drinking, injudicious clothing is the commonest cause of various disorders, among which are some of the most serious we have to treat. The fear people express of being too thickly clad in this climate would be ludicrous if the consequences were not often so serious. The young of both sexes are the chief offenders in this particular, and many an attack of rheumatic fever, of bronchitis, of pneumonia, and of other serious maladies has been due to light clothing.

Now, although I admit that woolen material of the thickness suitable for those who live in such a climate as this is uncomfortable, nay, disagreeable, for perhaps a fortnight or three weeks in some summers, I have never known any illness brought

on by the practice. To be bathed in perspiration from morning to night and from night to morning is not pleasant, but neither is it dangerous, and it is better to endure such discomfort during our short summer than run the risk of taking cold in consequence of a change in the weather finding us insufficiently protected. Not a summer passes but we have to treat a number of cases of illness brought on by insufficient clothing, and among them will be a few cases of phthisis and other affections which after a time destroy life.

Depend upon it, people had better clothe very warmly in winter and not change their clothing in the summer, than be insufficiently protected during the chilly days which occur even during the hottest period of the year. I should say woolen should be always worn next the skin by all, though in the hottest weather it may be somewhat thinner than in the winter. Of course, you do find exceptional people who do not need this, just as you find people who eat and drink enormously without paying any penalty for their excesses; but we must advise persons as if they were average organisms—not remarkable exceptions. In strongly recommending a very decided additional protection to the delicate nerves and vessels of the skin to that afforded by the thin epidermis (*ἐπὶ*, upon, *δέρμα*, the skin), which forms a very essential and absolutely necessary part of us, I confess to one considerable difficulty, and this is to name the material which may be worn by every one without discomfort.

It is curious that with all the ingenuity exhibited in the woolen manufacture no texture has yet been invented to wear next the skin which is wholly satisfactory and cheap. Nothing, I believe, is yet to be obtained better than good flannel, but it is practically difficult to get flannel garments

made to fit comfortably; and unless great care be taken to shrink the flannel thoroughly before it is used, uncomfortable diminution in all directions will soon be manifest, and will progress to a degree which is most inconvenient. The ordinary woven goods are still worse in this respect, and those who purchase things to fit them find in the course of a few months that they are so small as to be unwearable. Nevertheless, you must advise your patients of both sexes to wear woolen of some kind next the skin. For the weak and sensitive this protection is absolutely necessary, and the strong and healthy will, by adopting this course, escape many small derangements. Wash

leather has been recommended. It is comfortable, but too warm during the greater part of the year. Like silk, it is very expensive, and there are other objections to its use which I need not describe in detail.

Upon the whole, as I have said, good soft flannel is probably the best texture yet made for wearing next the skin, but if people absolutely object to flannel you must advise them to wear silk, or some very thin, unirritating material under the flannel. Those who wear woolen underclothes may go out in all weathers, and will not require the very heavy and oppressive overcoats which are such an incumbrance in walking.

The Temperance Cause.

WOMAN'S PART IN REFERENCE TO THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

IT is of vital importance that in the accomplishment of any great reform the sympathy and interest of woman should be enlisted, her co-operation being essential to its successful inauguration. Woman supplies the emotional or affectional element in human life, like the heart-blood coursing through the body, man's office being akin to that of the lungs, and to insure the success of any great movement woman's heart and man's understanding must unite and co-operate in their action, like the heart and lungs in the human body.

The great move to which I now refer is the Temperance cause. As a general thing, I believe women are becoming aroused in reference to the great evil that produces more than half the insanity, crime, ill health, want, and wretchedness in the world—hideous, dark shadows projected from the abodes of evil spirits; but it is highly important that women should become still more thoroughly awakened to this great question and to the part it behooves them to play in it.

I do not advocate that women should make any public demonstration or move in this matter. Such demonstration and action were best left to men, though I am far from censuring the pious and conscientious women who have thus attested their devotion to the cause. Still, it is more consonant with the fitness of things that a woman's influence and efforts should be exercised in more retirement, and the inner circle, where her gentle but potent influence is felt, will give rise to envying outer circles, as we may see illustrated when we throw a pebble into a stream.

To thoroughly reach and eradicate an evil, Church, State, Society, and Home—all these organizations must co-operate. In three of these women can exert a powerful and direct influence, for women are the heart's blood of the Church and at home and in society they are no less potent, whilst even in the State they may exert an indirect influence (the only one appropriate to womanhood). By training her sons nobly, by exerting an elevating influence over her husband, and by the generally high tone of her social relations, woman may indirectly do a vast amount toward

purifying public sentiment and rectifying public laws. If her sons should take their places in public life among the legislators of the land, will not all their moves and decisions be tinged, consciously or unconsciously, by her training and teachings? Let us suppose, for example, that all the mothers in the land could be brought to see the overwhelming evil of alcoholic drinks and wish to train their sons with this view. Though the latter might, in some cases, transgress from the pressure of hereditary evil or of surrounding temptation, yet we could not fail to have a sober people, on the whole, when this generation of boys should have grown mature. Thus trained, they would make legislators who would by public enactment co-operate with all individual endeavors toward sobriety, or, if private citizens, they could in other ways further the cause. It is the solemn and imperative duty of mothers to train their sons to take their places in the ranks of the noble army of those who are battling for right, truth, and purity against wrong, falsity, and all uncleanness. Among the foes they will be called on to contend against at this day none is more deadly and potent than drink. I might almost call it the Giant Goliath amid the host of enemies assailing the world. Therefore, let every mother especially train and strengthen her boys to resist and slay this giant evil, as David, the fair and ruddy shepherd lad, slew the proud Philistine. Let the youth be armed with truth from the Word, the Divine Rock, as David was with stones from the brook, rather than with weapons of human contrivance, and the foe will surely fall before him.

In society woman exerts an influence only second to what she wields in the home circle. How much might be effected by a society Queen, or even a woman less brilliant and prominent, were she to take a firm stand against the evil of drunkenness, not harshly and sanatically, but with a gentle firmness! How greatly would she help to raise the social standard and to purify the social atmosphere! Her social weight would cause her views to be respected and acted on in many instances even where deep-seated conviction was not aroused. It is said that Addison rendered virtue fashionable in England after the mud and mire which Charles the Second's reign introduced into English life and literature, and surely women

of social weight, possessing force of character, judgment, tact, and grace, might well render sobriety fashionable. Of late years we have had a striking example of a woman occupying the most exalted position in this country having the strength of mind to banish alcoholic drinks from her table despite all the comments and awkwardness arising from her so departing from conventionality.

Many a sweet, pure young girl, from thoughtlessness or from inexperience and ignorance of the frightful train of evils involved in alcoholic drinks, treats the subject carelessly and indifferently, looking upon it as a very venial offense if young men of her acquaintance occasionally transgress the bounds of sobriety, and receiving them with as complacent and amiable smiles as before; but this is an erring amiability, for

"Favor that makes folly bold
Puts out the light in virtue's face."

Without being harsh or austere, she may (and should) mark her disapproval of any intemperance on the part of her male friends or acquaintances. "Severe in youthful beauty," she may, with sweet gravity and gentle dignity, make it apparent that intemperance lessens a young man in her regard and interposes a barrier between her and himself, if he be only a friend or acquaintance, and far more so if he be a lover. Such unspoken reproof would have more effect than all the temperance lectures in the world, so all potent is the influence of sweet, pure, lovely young womanhood on the other sex even when love does not come in to intensify the sentiment. By pursuing some such course as I have indicated, both the standard of womanhood and of manhood would be raised.

I have seen thoughtless young girls at different entertainments, and more especially at New Year receptions, tendering the fatal cup to young men of their acquaintance with smiles and jests. New Year's Day, which should be marked by an earnest endeavor to begin the year aright and to enter upon a nobler and better life than ever before, is so often spent by young men in taking a sip of some intoxicant at a great number of different entertainments that by night their brains are in a complete muddle, and they are scarcely able to get home. They might apply the words that Adam used in reference to the fatal fruit, that the woman tempted him, though this temptation is offered without any evil intention, and if women could realize the harm it did and paved the way to they would shrink back in horror; but either thoughtlessness or the blunting force of custom prevents them from seeing this. But it is high time that all the women in our land were thoroughly aroused from thoughtlessness on such an overwhelmingly important subject. I think that already a reaction is taking place with regard to this objectionable mode of celebrating New Year, and it is becoming much less general than a few years ago. In some towns and cities coffee and chocolate for refreshments have largely taken the place of liquors, and it is to be hoped that ere long in all Christian and refined circles the refreshments will be exclusively of the kind "that cheer but not inebriate." This and other social questions are chiefly in the hands of women, and it remains for them to thoroughly purge away the evil custom of setting forth intoxicants at New

Year receptions, or, indeed, at any other kind of entertainment.

Even more objectionable is the custom of celebrating Christmas with intoxicating drinks—that day which should be regarded and kept as the most sacred one in the year. More especially is this so-called "jollity" practiced on Christmas Eve in some sections where people for miles around, go to the nearest town to lay in their Christmas supplies, prominent among which is a jug of whisky, while many of the purchasers are in such a fuddled condition that they can scarcely reach home. I do not know of any sadder sight than to see Christmas Eve or Day thus desecrated, to see people so dead to the real significance of the season, who, instead of preparing for it by trying to cleanse their hearts and lives of all uncleanness, take this occasion to fall into a deplorable evil.

A country lady living in a section where it was customary to provide whisky for harvesters at first thoughtlessly complied with this custom, but becoming convinced on reflection that it was an evil which should be stopped, she planned to have, instead of whisky, as much strong coffee as the harvesters could drink, together with some cooling acid drink in the field. Some of the neighbors said: "It is a time-honored custom to have whisky at harvest time. The laborers will not be satisfied; indeed, they will not harvest without it." However, she persevered in her arrangements, explaining her reason, in a few friendly words to the harvesters, who cheerfully acquiesced, being of a docile, childlike race, on whom drunkenness has never taken much hold, and then and afterward they were perfectly satisfied with the innocent and refreshing beverages she provided for them.

In Ruskin's beautiful lecture on "Queen's Gardens," the leading idea is that woman, with her gentleness, sweetness, and purity, ought to make life around her beautiful and fragrant as a garden of roses. It is necessary for her to eradicate many weeds in order to make life such a garden, and among all the noisome weeds she is called on to help uproot at this day, none is more deadly or more prominent than drunkenness, that poisonous, fatal weed whereby so many a fair garden is laid waste and desolate. MARY W. EARLY.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.—Alcohol, even in small quantities, extract from the nerves a little of their moisture so that the keenness of their sensation is blunted. If the previous feeling was uncomfortable, alcohol brings relief, not by removing the cause, but by taking away the knowledge of it. The wrong is there, but the nerves of sensation no longer tell of it, and the man feels relieved. In case of cold, there is still another action. The nerves that control the vessels of the minute circulation are relaxed and more blood passes into them. This causes a rise of surface temperature, sometimes to the extent of half a degree; but this soon passes off outwardly and the real reduction of the vitality caused by the alcohol, reduces the vital heat one, two, three, or four degrees. In this condition the body is very easily affected by external cold, and it is for this reason that the drinker so easily succumbs to extreme cold.

Art at Home.

BARBOTINE PAINTING.

ONE of the simplest and newest things in china painting being the barbotine ware, we propose to give a few directions in order to assist those who wish to learn the method of applying the colors. As few of the readers of *THE HOME* have had the opportunity of seeing specimens of this work, it will perhaps be best to give a slight description of it, and learners may have some idea of its appearance, although it is difficult in mere words to give any just notion of the results produced. The peculiarity of the barbotine painting is that it stands up against the background in relief. Another way in which it differs from ordinary china painting is, that the ground is not smooth, the colors being laid on thickly—that is to say, with a series of strokes of the brush, not in a wash. But now let us turn to the practical suggestions to workers. In the first place, we will just mention the requisite articles for working. Camel-hair brushes of a good size and some sable cut-liners, which are used for fine work, are needed; two of the former and one of the latter are quite sufficient for decorating an ordinary plate or tile. The colors are entirely distinct from both "enamel" and "underglaze"—they are in powder and are mixed with a medium and diluted with water; no oil is used. A packet of barbotine white cannot be dispensed with, as no decoration can be accomplished without its aid; it stands in the same relation to the colors as "flake white" does in oil painting. A test tile can be seen from which purchasers may select their colors, and they will find about a dozen are ample for a simple piece. A palette knife, a good-sized tile for mixing and keeping the colors on, and a piece of rag for cleansing purposes will complete the list of necessary articles. The rag is useful to keep close at hand; for, if too much color is taken up on the brush any superfluity is removed easily by passing it over the linen, in the same way as water-colorists use blotting paper. An amateur should make a copy of the subject in water colors, for natural flowers will probably fade before she has time to finish, though it is very quick work after a little practice; a first trial is sure to take a longer time than the subsequent paintings. Then, too, no one should attempt barbotine painting who has not at least some knowledge of drawing, because no tracing can be done on it. The background, being laid in all over the plate before the design, does not allow of this easy style of sketching in, for the color would be rubbed off by the papers and the hand working on it. Also it would not take the marking well, so that the only way is to sketch in with a brush. Great accuracy is, however, not essential, for the colors blend so much that exactitude of detail is lost. The flowers simply require blocking in quickly.

First, then, take the tile, and place on it a good quantity of barbotine white; as much will be used there is no waste in mixing plenty, but only a waste of time. Dip the palette knife right into the bottle of medium and rub down the powder with it, adding water by degrees. The smoother it is the better it works; but although a muller may be employed it is scarcely worth while. If the knife turns the white a little dark, as it sometimes will, it need cause no uneasiness, being of no consequence whatever. Now scoop up all the white into a small heap in one corner of the tile and wipe the rest clean with a rag. Mix each of colors that the subject requires, keeping them pure—that is, free from white. As each is in turn mixed scoop it up neatly together and place on one side. Wipe the palette and knife after every mixture. Although this sounds easy enough to manage, it will be found rather awkward by a novice to keep every little heap of color separate; still it is well worth the trouble, because one tile suffices where two or three will be needed if the artist cannot manage to do this. The addition of more or less medium to the colors is, to a certain extent, immaterial; the chief thing is to get them into good working condition. There is no danger of their "boiling up" in the kiln, because no oil is used; on the other hand, if there is not sufficient medium the colors may get rubbed off before being fired. The brush may now and again, while painting is being performed, be dipped into the medium with advantage—it assists the working of the colors.

Let us suppose our artist has chosen a design of lilies, on a background composed of bluish tints. White is to be mixed first and heaped on one side, then cobalt, then ultramarine, and lastly olive-green. To the cobalt is next added some white, and also to the ultramarine; the green is left pure. The plate, which is unglazed, is rested on the table, but raised forward in an inclined position by the worker's left hand. A large camel-hair brush is filled with the ultramarine and white mixture, and is passed quickly over the surface with broad, free strokes, plenty of color being used; this is continued until about half the plate is covered. The brush is then plunged in water, and some cobalt and white are taken up and rapidly laid on, the shade of color being lightened as it nears the top. The colors dry almost

instantaneously, so that the faster the work is accomplished the softer the shades will blend. Finally, some olive-green is used pure over the darkest portion of the ground, to obtain a mixed tint of the peacock hue so much admired in these days. Some idea of the depth the colors will attain when fired can be formed if the brush is filled with water and passed briskly over the whole. The worker need not hesitate to try this experiment through any fear of spoiling the ground, for not only will a truss judgment of the tone of color be arrived at, but the painting itself will be improved, for water when thus washed over it assists the blending of the tints. The ground being completed satisfactorily, the flowers are next sketched in with white by means of the sable brush, then the stems and leaves also with white, until the design is all drawn out. Some gray for shading is now required; this is made by mixing together some black, yellow, and white; more of one or the other can be added until a good shadow color is produced. The gray shades of the flower are put in with this. Some white is taken up with the large camel-hair brush, and the flowers are laid in; plenty of water must be used in laying on the white, for it dries so quickly, and the aim is to get it smooth and beautifully moulded according to the natural form. As it dries it can be gone over as often as necessary until the desired relief is obtained. The centres of the flowers can, if they require it, be shaded with greenish-gray tint. Any extra shading can now be added about the petals; some even are entirely washed over with delicate shadow color, to give variety and avoid stiffness. As to the leaves, they are seldom much raised above the surface of the plate; if they were, they would detract too much from the flowers. But the first tints are mixed with white to give body and solidity, and afterward they are glazed with pure colors. When these and the stems are completed the plate is ready for firing.

A leaf that is much variegated should be done as follows: The yellow, greens, and browns are all mixed pure, and kept apart from each other; then a little of each is mixed with white, and the various tints are laid on the leaf in place; no one particular tint is laid all over first, but each is placed in position quickly, and blended into the others as much as possible. The colors are used moist enough to allow of the brush working freely. The tints are then strengthened by glazing with pure colors. Chrome green, light green, and olive green are all useful. For the near young leaves that stand forward in the design light transparent green will be effective; it is also good for touches; it must, however, be used sparingly, for it fires so very bright. It mixes well with other colors. Leaves that retire should be of a bluish hue; so may some, too, that show only their under side. A body is first given to stems by laying on a coat of green and white; this is afterward glazed according to nature with deep greens and browns. Raw sienna, burnt umber, black, either alone or mixed, will probably be found useful for some portions of the subject. For the centres of some flowers yellow and white are first laid on; this is touched up with pure yellow and shaded with a mixture of brown and yellow.

Barbotine painting is sometimes touched up with overglaze colors, but it is most unsatisfactory. They would only be employed where there is a fault in the painting, or the barbotine colors are too poor, and require alteration; but we strongly impress upon our readers that the remedy is scarcely preferable to the fault.

EMBROIDERY NOTES.

FOR the following "Embroidery Notes" we are indebted to the *Art Amateur*. Materials for embroidery, judging by the work prepared through the summer for the autumn displays, are distinguished either for their richness or for their cheapness. At the extremes are superb plushes and linen crash. commonplace materials, of which the most conspicuous example is felt, are absolutely unused. On plush, arrasene, silk, and tinsel braids are employed; on crash, silk and crevels. Crash is transformed by the beauty of drawing, the harmony of the colors, and the skillful execution. The luxuriousness of plush takes off somewhat from the effectiveness of the art displayed in its decoration, which is to say that had art can be better afforded upon plush than on homely crash, as the latter fabric hides none of the faults of the unskillful workman.

Mantel lambrequins for the more ornamental rooms of the house are of plush. The prevalent shape is a straight band, bordered by a smaller band, and finished with a fringe, which is one of the most ornamental parts of the lambrequin. The embroidery is done in arrasene almost exclusively, although silk or flosselle may be used lavishly varied with tinsel and beads. There is an affinity, however, between plush and arrasene which nothing can well resist.

A straight mantel lambrequin of dark red plush has a conventional design which deserves a better description than words can give. It is a flowering scroll which in each hollow is met by a large flower. These flowers proceed from the top of the scroll and turning backward curl an end around the scroll, giving the impression of a counter scroll. In this design the lines and leaves are in shaded brown arseens, ranging almost to white. The flowers are in blue arseens, the hues taking an equally wide range. The outlines are all in tinsel thread. The lambrequin, which retains a margin of the red plush, is finished with heavy red silk fringe in clustered threads.

A shaded blue green plush lambrequin is cut turret-shaped into three blocks, the one directly in the centre being wider than the two at the ends. Each of these blocks is embroidered in arseens with golden-red leaves and flowers. Golden-red as a decoration is not a novelty, but in this case the treatment is novel. The plush shades from deep green into light, cool greens. The color of the decoration begins with the deep greens of the foliage, growing lighter as the plush becomes lighter, and the flowers, instead of the fiery yellows and browns in which they are usually represented, begin with lighter, cooler tints and are led up to a greenish white. The color effect is pretty and makes an agreeable variation of that much-backswept plant.

The autumn introduced several new plants to popular favor. The most striking of these is the milkweed, whose bursting pods are familiarly known along the highway. A black willow easy chair with gilded outlines has a cushion back and seat of crimson plush, decorated with the leaves and flowers of the milkweed. The strength and hues of the long-tongued leaves with the delicacy of the flowers are among the best embroidery effects of the season. The work is in arseens, which gives a realistic effect to the flowers. These are in the palest pinkish white, for there is a touch of color in the white into which here and there hues a little deeper are introduced. It is impossible to describe the stitches, for in these, as in a great deal of the art embroidery of the present, everything is held legitimate which contributes to the effect. The flowers have a peculiarly raised silky look due to the way in which the arseens are used.

Another new flower is the **thistle**, whose richness of color and pronounced form are admissible for much decorative work where the ground is well chosen. The flower has been closely studied. The calyx is done in green and olive crewels in crewel stitch. This is afterward crossed by diagonal lines in greenish olive silk, caught down at the crossings of the lines, which gives that scaly effect seen on a thistle calyx. The purple bloom is in arseens, mingled with silk, and lighter silks are used to give the long, hairy effect of the upper part of the thistle flower.

The love-in-the mist as adapted for embroidery, is not a novelty, but its use is largely increasing, particularly in delicate work, in which the slender lines appear with beautiful effect. It is chiefly seen on pounce toilet-covers, work-aprons, fine linen dollies, and crash, although a rose baby blanket, one of the prettiest yet shown, is covered with sprays of this flower done in greens and delicate pink instead of the blue green of the natural flower.

Scarf table-covers of plush with embroidery of arseens, mingled with beads and tinsels, are as much desired as last season, and the designs remain much the same. An equally handsome and more serviceable square table-cover appears with the centre of some of the rich art stuffs which the upholsterer now furnishes, instead of solid plush, which, though handsome, soon shows signs of wear. A beautiful example of this is a relief design in dull olive green on a gold ground. The border is a large conventional design of the same tints mingled with art blues and reds. This is done with crewels in large, loose crewel stitch, with silks for the high lights, and finished with fringe.

Outline stitch abates nothing in favor. Music portfolios luxuriously lined with silk are ornamented with suitable designs in outline stitch. Such is a pounce portfolio lined with brown satin and finished with a cord. On the outside is a large harp done with brown silks, in outline stitch, and intertwined among the strings in old English the legend: "If music be the food of love, play on." On others may be wrought the notes of some favorite song with the words or a bar of some sonata with the composer's name or some appropriate sentiment.

The pounce work-apron is the badge of the amateur workwoman. No prettier regalia could be desired. A new design divides the decoration into two parts, separated by a straight, heavy line in outline stitch of brown silk. In the upper part is a kitten playing with a ball of yarn attached to a half-knit stocking. In the corner of the lower part are three children seated on chairs at their work, a capital piece of drawing, their

earnestness being happily shown in the execution. On the unoccupied space is worked the rest of the couplet begun in the upper part:

"When the day is fitting
We all take out our knitting."

Another pounce apron has a band done in outline and satin stitch, with flowers and leaves in the same stitches in deep and light yellow pinks, making with the pounce an unusual but beautiful piece of color. Love-in-the-mist and the thistle are also used on these aprons.

Pineapple cloth is now used for chair-backs or tidies. For handsome chairs its transparency is desirable, in order not to disguise the richness of the upholstery, and its delicate richness makes it much more in keeping than the thicker linens and crash. The embroidery on pineapple cloth may be in outline stitch or in solid silk embroidery. In either case the execution should be very neat and skillful, as it easily shows a careless hand.

Skate bags are made of colored silks and satins lined with chamol and decorated. For boys and girls who have not yet arrived at the careful age the outside may be of brown linen, which is not unworthy the most artistic decoration.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

AMONG the novelties in autumn needlework imported from England and worthy of note is a set of twelve dollies in pounce silk having a border of fine old-time tambour work on lace. In the four corners are wrought tiny sprays of clover-leaves, lilies of the valley, rose-buds, tulips, and other flowers, the silk used being a thread of filo-floss, and the stitch the most delicate of stem-stitches.

A chair-back of pounce silk has a broad border of darned embroidery in silks. The design of this exquisite piece is of large lavender blossoms, like those of the mallow in shape, outlined with a deeper shade of purple, and having old-gold centres. The stems are of brown silk, and the abundant foliage is closely darned in dull, pale green silk, and outlined in brown. One merit of pounce when used for chair-backs is the beautiful fringe so easily produced by raveling out the stuff. With hemstitched borders and a long, silky fringe any simple pattern may be used with good effect.

The design just described is repeated with charming results upon a sheer length of linen cambric, also meant for a chair-back. In this case the idea is varied by employing two shades of pinkish purple for darning-in the flowers, the foliage being simply outlined in stem-stitch and veined in darker green.

A new material for workers is a kind of cotton crepe-cloth, ecru and white, of sufficient weight to take and retain good embroidery. A chair-back in this stuff has a large branch of Japanese lilies, worked in copper-red, yellow, and salmon silks, with dull green foliage. The lustre of the new filo-floss, or washing-silk, in these tints is very brilliant, and embroiderers will hail with gratitude the opportunity to set to work on a washing fabric without the preliminary tedious process of setting the colors of their silks.

A linen toilet-cover is worked in fine crewels with sprays of grass and clover, with pincushion cover and mats to correspond. This is trimmed at each end with lace, and while not new, is successful through the good drawing and airy grace of the design.

Chair-backs in olive eaten are useful for the library, and are simply fringed out and knotted at the ends, a design of yellow jonquils being worked in two shades upon the lower edge.

Very handsome effects are obtained by the use of appliqué designs upon **chair-covers**. These designs can be bought all ready for use, either in raised French embroidery or in Eastern work, and can be easily placed upon the back or seat of a chair which may be a little worn.

An inexpensive **portiere** can be made of almost any mixed woolen goods, by inlaying a diagonal piece of deep-toned plush, velvet, or cloth upon the centre, and having a border of the same arranged in points at the top and bottom. The centre and borders can be put on with ordinary stitching, and a narrow braid carried over the edges, will add very much to the effect.

Designs in crewel are worked upon crash or linen and inserted behind the open-work panel of an upright piano. Piano scarfs to lay upon the top of the instrument can be very easily made in muslin. Stitch on a design in colors at either end.

Fancy Needlework.



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY—DAISIES AND GRASSES.

Designs for Embroidery.—We give two pages of designs for embroidery. They can be traced, or, if desired, we will have them stamped on any material sent to us or that may be procured through our "Purchasing and Supply Agency." The stamped design, "Daisies and Grasses," is three times the size given in our illustration; the other designs are exactly the size in which they can be stamped.

Daisies and Grasses.—This pretty design may be used with equal effect to decorate baby-blankets, sofa-pillows, and chair-backs. The daisies are worked in crewel stitch with white saddlers' silk, each petal being tipped with pink. The centres are done in French knot stitch with yellow silk. Leaves and grasses in crewel stitch, with shades of olive green. This design may be done in washing crewels, if preferred. It is three times the size given in our illustration.

Kate Greenaway Figures.—The use of these dainty little figures in art-needlework is practically unlimited. A few of the following will, however, serve as suggestions—children's table-linens, chair-backs, splashers, etc. They may be worked

on any material in colored marking cottons or crewels. The design in the cut shows only one of many different ways of grouping.

Butterfly.—Many are the ways in which one can brighten up a piece of work by the happy introduction of a butterfly. The one shown in the cut may be worked in almost any colors that might suggest themselves to the worker, but the best way, if possible, is to get a natural butterfly and copy it to the life. Crewel stitch or satin stitch may be used in working it.

Tea-pot.—Among the newest and prettiest conceits for ornamenting doilies, napkins, etc., is a cup and saucer, sugar bowl, or, as the design shows, a tea-pot, done in outline stitch, with colored embroidery cotton or washing crewels. They are most effective when finished, and serve to brighten up the plain white linen.

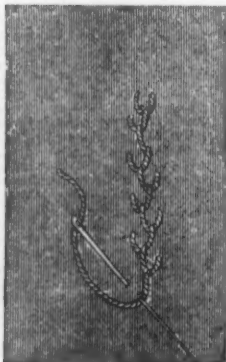
Capitals for Marking.—These letters are worked in satin stitch, with embroidery cotton or colored silks, on hat bands, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc. Any desired letter of the alphabet in this particular style can be stamped on material.



DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



CREWEL STITCH.



FEATHER STITCH.



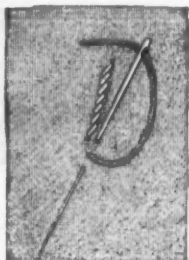
DOUBLE FEATHER STITCH.



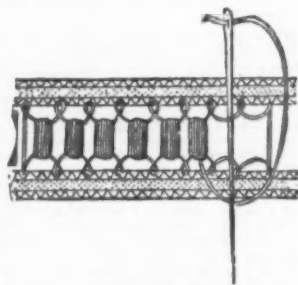
CHAIN STITCH.



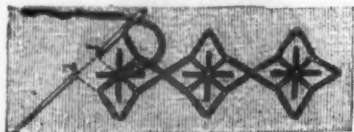
CREWEL STITCH—PETAL.



ROPE STITCH.



FANCY HEM STITCH.



POINT RUSSE STITCH.



RAISED SATIN STITCH.

STITCHES USED IN EMBROIDERY.

Crewel Stitch.—One of the old embroidery stitches, and well known in earlier times as stem stitch; but since the revival of crewel work, of which it is the most important stitch, its original name has become superseded by that of the embroidery now associated with it.

To work: Put the needle into the material in a slanting direction, as shown in the cut, and keep the crewel upon the right hand side of the needle. Work to the end of the line, every stitch being made in the same manner; then turn the material and place a line of stitches close to the one already made, keeping the wool always to the right of the needle. If the crewel is allowed to slip to the left of the needle the stitch is not properly made, although it appears to be to the inexperienced. When using this stitch, except for stems and outlines, the regularity of each succeeding stitch is not kept so perfectly as shown in the illustration, but is more carelessly done, although the stitch is not otherwise altered. This is particularly the case when forming the edges of serrated leaves; the irregular crewel stitch will give them the notched appearance of the natural leaf, while the regular one makes the edges straight and formal. Leaves and flowers of various kinds are worked in crewel stitch with regard to their broad natural outlines. A small, narrow leaf, such as that of a carnation or jasmine, requires no veining, and is worked up and down. Put the needle in at the base of the leaf, take a line of stitches up the right hand side to the point, then turn the work, and take the same line down the left side (now the right) to the base of the leaf. Then work the centre up and fill in the two sides, afterward in the same manner, turning the work at every line. To save this constant turning of material, good workers put their needle backward down the line, but this is not so easy for a

beginner to accomplish. With a large leaf, such as an orange, or a smaller leaf with deeply indented veins, a different plan is necessary. In such a case take the stitches, instead of upward and downward, in a slanting direction downward from the outside to the centre of the leaf, all the stitches tending from both sides to the middle. By this means a deeper indented line is given to the centre vein; afterward work up the centre as a finish, and work the side veins over the other crewel stitches, but in a different shade of color and in the direction the natural veins would follow. A rose leaf requires another modification: Work from side to centre like the last named, but with a long stitch and a short one alternately at the outside edge, so that the deeply indented sides may be properly rendered. Work rounded flower petals as shown in the figure, the stitches following each other, but decreasing in length as they approach the end of the petal, while in pointed petals, like the jasmine, simply take the stitch up and down, or cross the whole length with a satin stitch. Work in satin stitch any flower petal that is small enough to allow of a satin stitch carried across it; large ones require crewel stitch. Use French knots for the centres of flowers, as they add to their beauty. When the centre of a flower is as large as that seen in a sunflower, either work the whole with French knots, or lay down a piece of velvet of the right shade and work sparingly over it French knots or lines of crewel stitch. A Marguerite daisy is sometimes so treated, but after that size French knots alone are worked and no velvet foundation added.

Feather Stitch.—It is much used in ticking and other fancy embroideries, and also to decorate plain linen. To work single feather: Bring the needle up in the centre line, hold the thread down with the left thumb one-eighth of an inch beneath where the needle came out. Insert the needle on left side of the line (see cut) even to where it came up but a short distance

away, and bring it out in a slanting direction, so that it comes up in the centre line and over the held down thread. Draw up and repeat this stitch to the right of the line and work on the left and right of the line until the space is covered.

To work double feather: The beauty of double feather consists in the perfect vandyke line it makes down the material when properly worked. The stitch is the same as feather, but is worked twice to the left and twice to the right, instead of once, where the needle is inserted in the second left hand stitch, and the numbers 1 and 2 indicate where the needle is put through for the stitch on the right hand.

Chain Stitch.—This stitch is also called point de chaînette and tambour stitch. It is largely used in all fancy embroideries, particularly in Indian and other Oriental work.

Rope Stitch.—This stitch is similar to crewel and stem stitch in appearance, and only differs from those stitches in being worked from the top of the material downward instead of from the bottom upward. It is also known as point de cable and point de cotes. To work: Trace an outline of the line to be covered, bring the needle from the back of material at the top of the line on the left side, put it in slightly slanting on the right hand side, and bring it out on the left hand side a little below the last stitch made (see cut); slightly slant it to the right and continue to cover the traced line with these slanting stitches. Rope stitch is worked as a perfectly even and regular line of slanting stitches, and closer together than crewel stitch.

Fancy Hem Stitch.—The varieties of fancy hem stitch are used in open-work embroideries of all kinds, but more particularly in drawn work, where they are employed either to catch together and secure the threads left in the material after the others are drawn away, or to fill up spaces that the drawn away threads have left quite bare. To work fancy hem to secure threads: Having drawn out the threads necessary, turn the work to the wrong side, hold the material so that the threads are horizontal, and work in a straight line down them and close to the solid material. Take up six or eight threads on the needle and hold the working thread down, so that the point of the needle is over it. Then draw up, making a buttonhole stitch. Pull up tightly, so that the six or eight threads are well together, and then secure them by taking a short stitch underneath them into the material. Repeat until all the threads are drawn together.

To fill in open spaces: Make a series of loops upon each side of the space, opposite to each other (see cut), and join them together thus: Fasten the thread to the first bottom loop and run it into the middle; put the needle into the loop opposite on the top line and back again up a short distance, and make a back stitch into the lower part of the space and continue to the end, being careful to make every group of stitches the same distance apart.

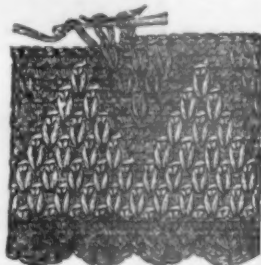
French Knot Stitch.—A stitch much used in embroidery of all kinds for filling in with raised knots the centres of flowers, stars, or circles. French knot requires to be worked with a thick and not a thin thread, pure silk and flossine on crewel being the materials with which it is usually made. To work: Bring the needle up from the back of the material, hold the thread between the left thumb and forefinger, twist it once around the needle, turn the needle round, and put it back into the material a little behind where it came out.

Point Russe Stitch.—This stitch is much used in all kinds of fancy embroideries upon linen, cloth, or silk materials. It is very quickly worked and is easy of execution, consisting of covering a traced outline with lines of long straight stitches. The patterns intended to be worked in point russe should be arranged with reference to the manner of working the stitch, and should contain no lines of any great length, but short, straight lines, vandykes, angles, sprays, diamonds, and crosses, and not rounds and curves. To work: Trace the design upon the material, bring the needle up from the back of the work at the end of one of the traced lines and put it through to the back of the work at the other, covering the straight line with the cotton or silk. Bring the needle up again at the end of next line, return it to the same spot that the first stitch ended at, and put it through to the back of the material there. Continue to work lines in this way until all the outline is worked over, taking care that no part of it is left uncovered. Should a traced line be too long to look well covered with only one stitch, divide it into two or three equal parts and make that number of stitches upon it. To work design in cut: Trace the outline of the vandykes and crosses, and commence in the centre of the cross. Work one bar of the cross and put the needle down into the vandyke at the spot marked 1 and bring it out at 2. Draw it up and put it down into 1, then bring it out again at 2, and make another stitch in the vandyke and then one in the cross. Continue to the end of the pattern.

Satin Stitch.—The needlework executed with satin stitch in combination with other stitches ranks among the most beautiful and the most difficult of embroideries, and its execution upon white material has attained the greatest proficiency in Ireland, Madeira, and Saxony, while upon dark silk or cloth

foundations the work is almost universal. It is executed upon silk, satin, fine cambric, and muslin, and is largely used to embroider handkerchiefs or to work designs upon satin with fine embroidery silks. It should be worked in a frame, and requires great knowledge of the art as well as patience. Satin stitch is of two kinds, the *flat* and the *raised*. The flat satin stitch is also called *damsk*, *long*, *as*, *paque*, *point perle*, *point passe*, and *paque*, and is an easy stitch, worked without any padding straight upon the material. To work: Trace the design upon the material and arrange so that none of the petals of flowers or parts of the work are of any size. Bring the needle up from the back of the material on one side of the traced petal, and put it down exactly opposite where it came out upon the other side, leaving the thread lying flat across the interval to space. Work a number of stitches in this way perfectly flat and even, until the traced petal is filled in. The stitches may be slanted instead of straight, but must always follow each other in the same direction and with perfect regularity. Flat satin is used by itself or to fill in parts of raised satin designs.

Double satin stitch is more difficult than plain satin stitch, as it is worked over a padding of run threads, as shown in the cut.



CROCHET PURSE.

Crochet Purse.—Materials required: Ruby and olive purple silk, a fine crochet hook.

Commence at one end of the purse and work in the round; make a chain of seventy-two stitches, join round.

1st Round: One double into each stitch, with red silk.

2d Round: One double into each stitch, with olive silk.

3d Round: With red silk draw up a loop through a stitch of the first round, draw a loop through this last loop, then draw through both loops on the hook. As all the long stitches are worked in this way we shall not repeat the directions, one double into the next stitch. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

4th Round: Like second round, with olive.

5th Round: * One long stitch with red silk between two long stitches of third round, one double into the next stitch of fourth round, repeat from * three times more, one long stitch between the two next long stitches of third round, one double with olive silk into the next double of fourth round. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

6th Round: Like fourth round.

7th Round: Four long stitches with red silk separated by one double between the long stitches of last round, one double with olive into each of the three next stitches of last round. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

8th Round: Like sixth round.

9th Round: Three long stitches with red silk separated by one double between the long stitches of seventh round, one double with olive into each of the five next successive stitches of last round. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

10th Round: One double into each stitch of last round.

11th Round: Two long stitches with red separated by one double between the long stitches of ninth round, one double with olive into each of three next stitches of last round, one long stitch into the next double of ninth round, one double into each of the three next stitches of last round.

12th Round: One double with olive into each stitch of last round.

13th Round: One long stitch with red between the red stitches of eleventh round, one double with olive into each of the three next stitches of last round, one long stitch into next stitch of eleventh round, one double into next stitch of last round, one long stitch into the next stitch of eleventh round, one double into each of the three next stitches. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

14th Round: With olive silk only, work one double into each stitch of last round.

15th Round: Three long stitches each separated by one double over the long stitches of thirteenth round, one double into each of five next stitches.

16th Round: One double into each stitch of last round.

17th Round: Four long stitches each separated by one double

over the long stitches of fifteenth round, one double into each of three next stitches of last round. Repeat.

18th Round: One double into each stitch of last round.

19th Round: Like fifteenth round.

20th Round: Like eighteenth round.

21st Round: Two long stitches separated by one double over the long stitches of nineteenth round, one double into each of two next stitches of last round, one long stitch into nineteenth round, one double into each of two next stitches of last round. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

22d Round: Like eighteenth round.

23d Round: One long stitch over last two long stitches, one double into each of two next stitches, two long stitches separated by one double over the long stitch of twenty-first round, one double into each of two next stitches of last round.

24th Round: Like eighteenth round.

Repeat from the fifteenth round three times more. Work two inches in rows backward and forward, one treble, pass over one stitch. Repeat.

For the other end work in the round like the last, of course reversing the patterns so that the diamond of red stitches is at the end to correspond with the other half.

Sew the ends together flat and work a crochét edge into them as follows with olive silk: One double into a stitch, one-half treble into the next, three trebles into the next, one-half treble into the next, repeat. A little silk acorn is sewn to each corner. Two rings are needed; they are of steel worked over in red silk with long stitches of olive worked over. The rings should be slipped on when the treble is finished before working the second half of purse.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

PERHAPS the most important garment to be considered in planning for a winter costume is a coat, or outside wrap.

Not only does it show more than a dress, but the latter also varies comparatively little. But this winter, though there are many new coats and cloaks made and imported, so few are the real changes that any outer garment purchased last season may be worn this without alteration.

The wrap for fall and winter that is the newest and most successful is the pelisse, or Russian riding-gown. It is made like a close-fitting wrapper, or Princess dress, reaching to the hem of the skirt, unraped, and falling open in front from the waist downward. It is made usually of ladies' cloth, either bottle-green, golden-brown, dark-garnet, or black in shades, and is bordered around the neck, sleeves, and hem and up and down each lap of the front with a wide, full ruching of the same material pinked out on the edges.

This garment may be worn over any dress; or it may form part of a costume and have a skirt of the same material to go with it.

The pelisse may also be worn indoors as a wrapper. In fact, some ladies of fashion object that it looks too much like a wrapper to be properly used as a street garment. However, it appears to be a useful, economical style, and perhaps an ingenious lady may remodel a partly worn cloth costume and come out in the tip of the fashion.

When a skirt of the same material is worn with the pelisse, the former is usually edged with a pleating or a ruching of the goods, while the latter is made shorter to show the trimming below it.

Long, dressy mantles are of velvet, satin, or broadened silk trimmed with borderings of fur, with sometimes the addition of bead and passementerie trimmings down the back. In these so strictly new patterns are seen, except that the sleeves are sometimes wider and more flowing.

Later in the season borderings of fur will also trim the cloth riding-dresses and pelisses. The most useful for this purpose are lynx, chinchilla, and Astrachan.

Short cloth jackets resemble ulsters cut off below the hips, leaving a short, separate skirt. These may be plain like a gentleman's coat or bordered with velvet, plush, fur, braiding, or soutache embroidery. The braided used for coats is wide and heavy, arranged in loops, rings, and wheels instead of the old-time running patterns.

Whole costumes of cloth are made up with short or long jackets, scant overskirts, and plain or pleated skirts, either with or without the addition of braided trimmings; or still more plainly by tailors in severe, untrimmed, masculine styles.

A showy wrap is made up in dolman style of an India shawl so arranged that the centre of the pattern comes in the middle of the back and the border forms the trimming.

This garment, though intended for evening, is not considered too gaudy for day wear. It looks like an extravagant fashion but may not always be so. A lady may have as an heirloom a valuable India shawl partly moth-eaten, which, made up as a garment, she might wear, when otherwise it would never be of any service to her. Inferior qualities of India shawls are inexpensive. They may be purchased and made up into quite stylish wraps as beautiful at a short distance as a painting, far more elegant in effect than a cheap, ready-made cloak of poor cloth or silk.

These coarse India shawls are not only useful but magnificent as decorations for the house, such as curtains, counterpanes, and table-covers.

No lady's wardrobe is complete without a gossamer waterproof. Garments of this light, rubber-coated material are air and water-tight with none of the heavy, dragging effect of the old waterproof cloth. Besides which they can be more easily carried and are less expensive. Gossamers have been worn for some time, but have been of late greatly reduced in price, so as to put them within the reach of all.

Mrs. Langtry's presence in this country has made the Jersey styles more popular than ever. The Jersey basque is long, severely plain, and tight-fitting, made either of the woven Jersey webbing or it comes already woven as a basque. Jersey waists are of all colors and may be worn with skirts of any kind. The most popular skirts are partly or entirely of large, broken plaid.

Sometimes a skirt consists of plain cashmere with kilt pleatings or scarf drapery of the plaid; sometimes it is all plaid cut bias and arranged so that the stripes will all run diagonally.

This is a most economical fashion for a school-girl, inasmuch as one Jersey will supply the bodice for all her dresses throughout a winter, and her old costumes, either separately or two or more combined, may give her several skirts.

All skirts are worn very short, the front breadth at least. This gives an opportunity to display nice shoes and stockings. The one correct shoe is now made with a broad, low heel.

For evening and full dress, a black satin slipper is preferred to any other fancy shoe. Stockings are always colored and are best liked in the dark shades of blue, brown, or garnet, though black is considered the most elegant of all. A white stocking is never seen under any circumstances. In the brighter hosiery, a gleam of gold, silver, or scarlet sometimes appears in the clocking or instep embroidery. For full dress, with the black satin slippers, the stocking is plain black silk. Hosiery is all very long. If gartered with the old-fashioned band around the leg, it should be worn above the knee. But the best and perhaps the only good way in which to support the stockings is to attach them to suspenders hanging from the waist.

Gloves are still long, still yellow or brown, still wrinkled about the wrist. They are now, however, often coarse and heavily stitched, more masculine in appearance than ladies

would once have worn. It is safe to predict that this caprice will soon pass away. Nice, neatly fitting, plain kid gloves of a dark, neutral shade are always in good taste.

The long gloves are worn pulled well up over the dress-sleeve. But dress-sleeves are now made "skin" tight and unfinished at the wrist, either by lace frill or cuff—so this is no hard matter. Sleeves, indeed, are worn so tight that it is difficult for the fair wearer to get them on—so are they frequently open to the elbow and are buttoned down to the wrist after she has fastened her bodice.

Sleeves are still very short and generally worn with bracelets—though the bracelet is frequently placed outside of both glove and sleeve.

Hats and bonnets are both large and small, both gay and plain. They are made of such diverse materials, in such a variety of styles, that it is very hard to be unfashionable in the choice of a chapeau. Never had a lady so good an opportunity to make her own bonnet out of all odds and ends, at the cost of perhaps but a few cents or dollars.

Sometimes the most fantastic, irregular turban twisted together in a few minutes, over no foundation or speak of and held in place by a dozen pins, looks far better and is, indeed, more stylish than the most elaborate creation of a first-class milliner.

In general, the crown of a hat or bonnet is made of a piece of velvet, plush, or embroidery, unlike the rest of it; around the crown is then massed ribbons of the same or of a contrasting color—feathers, flowers, or anything the wearer pleases. Frequently a turban is made of the same material as the dress, with no other trimming than a jet, pearl, silver, or gilt ornament.

Flowers divide favor with feathers as garniture for winter bonnets. Masses of pink roses are liked best. These are usually seen on gay, fancy bonnets, intended for evening or for places of amusement.

Evening bonnets are always small, with or without strings. Bonnets of this order usually have crowns of velvet of the brightest shades, such as shell-pink, sky-blue, Nile-green—everything but bright scarlet.

Velvet hats are half poke bonnets without strings, the velvet laid in puffs. Felt hats and bonnets are also bordered with puffed velvet. Large beavers trimmed simply with a long ostrich plume have large, woolly brims and smooth crowns.

English walking-hats are still worn by those to whom they are becoming—but even they, like all other hats and bonnets, are set well back upon the head to display the fluffy front hair.

The hair is fashionably worn, either very low on the neck or very high on the head. The oldest and the youngest ladies wear it simply coiled. But no lady should ever wear her hair unbecomingly, no matter what the fashion is. All styles, however simple, however elaborate, agree in frizzing or curling the front hair or pulling down a fluffy fringe—in short, banging it, for no matter how often we have heard that bangs are no longer fashionable, the fact remains that they seem destined to hold their own perhaps for a century.

Sometimes the back hair is arranged in two loose braids lightly twisted behind the ears and fastened with a silver ornament. Nearly every young lady now wears as supplementary to her own tresses a comb, or spear, or butterfly, or other trinket of silver, gilt, jet, or "Rhine" stones. In general, very little jewelry, and that neat rather than showy.

For mourning, no bangles or other elaborate trimming. The "widow's ruche" has lost favor. Her bonnet is now plain black crape, covered with the long crape veil. Undressed black kid gloves.

Muffs are of all sizes, shapes, and materials. The standard muff is, of course, always fur to match either a box, long cape, or coat-trimming—but just as a lady may make her own bonnet, so she may her own muff. Cloth, silk, velvet, fur, plush are used, generally two materials combined, and further decorated with fur tassels or bows and loops of satin or watered ribbon.

The novel style is the rosette muff—a large, flat rosette of cloth, etc., with a place at each end for the hands. The satchel-like shape is also used. So that a muff is fantastic it will do, no matter whether there is another one like it or not.

Notes and Comments.

Another Move Forward.

WHAT we shall do in the way of giving the HOME MAGAZINE a new interest and a higher value is set forth in our extended prospectus, to which we particularly refer.

It will be seen that we propose to take another step forward, and so keep our magazine closely up to the needs of intelligent and cultivated American households.

We offer it to all who desire to have in their homes a periodical that will help each member to become wiser, better, and happier. We offer it as a safe magazine. Nothing to lead the mind astray through false views of life or to deprave the imagination will be found in its pages.

The mission of the HOME MAGAZINE is to teach the gospel of useful service in all the common duties and social relations of men and women, to draw closer the bonds of a common brotherhood, to awaken generous sympathies, to give to the Divine Law, "As ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," the power of a living principle in the heart instead of leaving it as a dead sentiment in the memory.

And this mission it seeks to accomplish, not by dull didactics and sermonizing, but through a constant leading of the thoughts and feelings of its readers into harmony with things pure and true and noble in nature and humanity. No one, we are sure, can read its pages from month to month without coming more and more into a feeling of good will to the neighbor and into a steadily increasing desire to rise through a right cultivation of heart and mind into a life of useful service, which is the only life that ever brings true satisfaction and enduring happiness.

With the fashionable follies of the day, whether in social life or current literature, it has no sympathy. It believes in the true, the pure, and the good, and in the useful, taking that word in no limited, material, or "Gradgrind" sense. It will seek to lead through beauty to use as well as through labor and common service; and it will seek to find in any and every thing that is innocent in itself, whether in work, recreation, or amusement, a ministry of good to men.

To those who know our magazine through familiarity with its pages we need not say a word as to the interesting character of its contents. To those who are not familiar with its pages and into whose hands this number has come, we can only say that it is a fair sample, both as to illustrations and literary contents, of what all the numbers for the coming year will be.

Mothers and Daughters.

WE find the following in one of our daily papers credited to the Centreville, Md., *Record*. We give it a place

in Notes and Comments as a lesson and admonition to daughters, which, if laid to heart, will bring light to many a mother's shadowed careworn face and comfort to many a sad and weary mother's heart. Daughters are not, as a rule, considerate enough of their mothers. They have been so long the subjects of loving ministrations that they accept it as their due and without thought of return. The picture given below is so true to life and so full of pathos that it cannot fail to stir the heart of even the most thoughtless, neglectful, and inconsiderate:

"A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: 'I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still, it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning

and got breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshins and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

Farmers' Wives.

A WRITER in *Our Continent* gives a sad picture of the shut-in and dreary life of drudgery to which many farmers' wives are subjected. Their lot is often little better than that of slavery to an unsympathizing master who takes better care of his sheep and oxen and horses than of her whom he had promised to love and care for with a husband's tenderness. It is a shame to mankind that this is the rule rather than the exception. Let the following, which is taken from the article referred to, be carefully read and pondered:

"The farmer works from sun till sun; the farmer's wife frequently till far into the night. Who can compute her dreary and incessant toil, under all sorts of deprivations? It is a toil so extensive as to shroud the charms of womanhood, exhaust the nervous system, bow and stiffen the frame, weaken the springs of life, and leave its harsh traces upon every faculty and organ. Yet she is the wife of him whose calling is first, most necessary, and so most honorable, of all vocations."

"The statistics of the chief lunatic asylums of this country show that from farmers' wives are found the largest percentage of those whose light of reason has been quenched in terrible and hopeless darkness. Constant fatigue, monotony, want of society, with its social stimulus and interchange of thought, the hopelessness of any change of routine, prove too much to endure, and the poor, tired brains reels with thoughts of a cheerless past and hopeless future. The horses and oxen plowing in their master's field have before them the panorama of nature; they breathe the free winds of heaven; but her outlook is narrowed to the four walls of her house, which in time becomes a prison of torture."

"A leading agricultural paper of this country, situated centrally, and having opportunity of speaking for all sections, published these editorial remarks only two months ago:

"The fact is, and has been for a long time, that the farmer's wife is expected to do the work of three or four women, with very imperfect facilities often for doing the work of one. She must be cook and provide three hearty meals each day. She is laundry maid, dairy maid, kitchen girl, mother, wife, nurse, seamstress; she raises pigs, calves, and poultry, and in a pinch helps in the field. Her husband in his work will have mowers, reapers, all the modern machinery—what has she? Just her two hands, and in a pinch one of ten her kitchen is ill-arranged, and she must draw water, bring in wood, and do everything at a disadvantage. Who ever knew a farmer's wife to sit down in the middle of the day and rest an hour? Yet every hired man claims this as his right."

The Senses of Bees.

At a meeting of the Linnæan Society, held November 24, Sir John Lubbock read an account of some of his observations on the habits of insects, made during the past year. He has two queen ants which have lived with him since 1874 and which are therefore no less than eight years old. Last summer they laid eggs as usual. We copy from *Nature* an abstract of his interesting experiments and remarks on the senses of bees:

"Dr. Müller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock pointed out that he had anticipated the objection suggested by Dr. Müller and had guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover, not one of principle, nor does Dr. Müller question the main conclusions arrived at, or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, is strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers."

"Sir John also recorded some further experiments with a reference to the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came to it readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without result."

"Every one knows that bees when swarming are popularly, and have been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by clanging kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists are now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John suggests that even if it has, with reference to which he expresses no opinion, it is possible that what the bees hear are not the loud, low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing."

"As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at 4 A. M.), and worked on later in the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that they are less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis is admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey is exposed as in this case, the wasp appears able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits."

Anecdote of Darwin.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Our Dumb Animals* communicates the following anecdote of the late Mr. Darwin:

"The writer, who had the rare pleasure of knowing Mr. Darwin, could relate many anecdotes showing his great kindness and tenderness of the feelings of all dumb things. He had a dog who was very destructive, tearing up anything he could get hold of. One day when he was destroying some plants in the garden, Mrs. Darwin said, 'Really, Charles, you must go out and whip that dog; see what he is doing!' 'Oh! I suppose I must,' he replied, and he went out with a little switch which he brandished about the dog, touching it here and there so lightly that the animal ran about in glee, seeming to think him in fun. When Mr. Darwin went in his wife said, 'Why, Charles, that won't do any good!' 'Oh! I hope it will,' answered he, 'for I am afraid I hurt the poor fellow.'"

Publishers' Department.

BUYING HAIR.

The following, clipped from the *Philadelphia Times*, October 11th, will amuse our readers:

"THE WOMAN WITH THE WAVES.—Any one who would have gone into the Continental Hotel yesterday between an early hour in the morning and a late one in the afternoon would have seen an almost continuous procession of women moving in the direction of the small parlor nearest the ladies' entrance and a large room contiguous to it, where there was a small woman in black, with a very wavy head of hair, who was holding what she termed a 'reception.' The explanation lay in the fact that an advertisement had appeared in a morning newspaper as follows:

"Mrs. C. Thompson, with her celebrated waves of the hair; also, a new novelty called whims, the prettiest thing ever seen for young ladies. Mrs. T. will be at the Continental Hotel, October 10th, for a few days only."

"There was such a rush that as they went into the room, one at a time, the parlor was frequently crowded, and there were some amusing meetings."

"How glad I am to see you," said a woman with a masculine forehead, over which straggled a crop of reddish brown hair, inclined to be kinky, as she greeted in the most affectionate manner another woman with hair as dark and stubborn as an Indian's. 'I came just out of curiosity, you know, just to get some hints, because I mean to do my own hair up myself. I wouldn't have any one else's hair on my head for the world.'"

"Nor I," said woman No. 2. 'To be frank with you, I came to see if I could find something to suit an aged maiden

lady of my acquaintance who is beginning to lose her hair in front.

"Scarcely a woman could be found who wanted hair for herself, but they were all closeted a long time with the woman with the remarkably wavy hair. In a large room, on the tops of bureaux, tables, and chairs, and scattered over the bed, were boxes filled mostly with the 'waves,' with here and there a box of 'whims,' the whole representing a value of several thousand dollars.

"These are the waves," said the little woman, taking up a frontpiece of natural hair, deftly selected as being several shades darker than the decidedly aged gray hair of her customer. "You see, the part is perfect and extends back the length of your hand, so that where it joins the natural hair it can't be seen, and the bonnet, even when set far back on the head, as is the style, will hide it anyhow. The waves are just the thing for the bonnets. Your own husband—if you have a husband—couldn't tell the difference."

"* * * * * As one woman went out another woman entered, and another and another, and so on to the end of the chapter. Mrs. C. Thompson reaped a golden harvest and the poor husbands—well! the loss said about them the better."

SICK HEADACHE.

Among the chronic ailments hardest to bear and hardest to cure may be classed "Sick Headache," from which so many suffer periodical tortures. It is very rare that even temporary relief, much less a permanent cure, is ever found under either Allopathic or Homoeopathic treatment. In the administration of Compound Oxygen the force and continuity of this disease has been broken in nearly every case, and where the Treatment has been continued for a sufficient time a radical cure has been made. Among reports of cases will be found many instances in which immediate relief has been obtained, and the power of the disease so broken that in subsequent attacks the pain has been less and less each time and the periods of continuance shortened; and there will also be found reports of complete cures in cases where the torture has run through ten or twenty years.

From all that is known of the action of Compound Oxygen, and from the results already obtained, we are confident that it will permanently cure nearly every case of sick or nervous headache if patients will faithfully use the Treatment as directed, and continue its use for a sufficient length of time to break up old chronic conditions and establish new and healthier forces in all the vital centres.

It happens in this, as in all other diseases of long standing, that patients in using any new treatment look for immediate results, and if they are not seen become discouraged; not reflecting that an enemy which has held possession and been intrenching himself for years can rarely, if ever, be dislodged in a single assault. But if his power can be weakened from day to day under a new array of forces, and by new modes of warfare, victory is assured, though it may take weeks, months, or even longer to dislodge and finally defeat the enemy.

In a recent case which came under treatment the following report of prompt relief has been made. It comes from a gentleman at Wind Ridge, Pa. He says:

"I have suffered for ten months with a blind, nervous headache, never being over two days without it. I tried different kinds of teas said to be good for headache. Then I used alcohol with different kinds of roots, and also the best of whisky with roots in it, and it did me no good. My head only got worse. At first it would commence, and I would get very cold; also, at the same time my face would become red and burning. At last it turned to a real sick headache. I was subject to sick headaches when younger. I saw your Compound Oxygen recommended. * * * I commenced inhaling on Wednesday. On Sunday I had a very severe spell of nervous sick headache—got numb. I used the Compound Oxygen for three weeks, and have not had a sick headache since. It has been nearly a month since I stopped using it. I feel very grateful to you for good medicine. * * * Also for another painful condition I feel that three weeks of your Treatment has cured me. I have often had to take morphine. Not a pain any more."

See Drs. Starkey & Pule's advertisement on fourth page of cover.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World*, London, England.

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We have established a **Purchasing and Supply Department** in connection with our Magazine, through which any one residing at a distance from the city may secure the services of a person of experience, good taste, and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles that may be desired, such as **ladies' and children's wearing apparel, goods for household use and decoration (as furniture, carpets, and upholstery, china, glass, and silver ware, pianos, parlor organs, scientific instruments, etc., etc.), art materials, whether for painting, drawing, or fancy needlework, etc., etc.**

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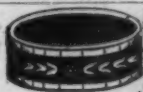
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FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.

The remarkable results which have attended the administration of Compound Oxygen, the new remedy for chronic and so-called "incurable diseases," are without a parallel in medical history.

As dispensers of this new remedy, we have, after thirteen years of earnest, untiring, and costly effort to introduce it to those who need its vitalizing and health-restoring influences, succeeded in resting its claims on the basis of facts and results of so wide and universal a character—facts and results on record, and open to the closest investigation—that no room for a question remains as to its marvelous action in restoring the diseased to health.

The rapidly increasing number of those who have obtained relief from pain or been restored to health by Compound Oxygen, reaching now to many thousands, scattered throughout the whole country, is having a wide influence on public sentiment. There are no arguments so convincing as well-known facts. If a man or a woman, who has been suffering for years from an exhausting disease which no physician had been able to cure, tries a newly discovered remedy and is brought back to health, the fact stands as an unanswerable argument in favor of that remedy, so far, at least, as this particular case is concerned. A resort to the same remedy in another case regarded as "incurable" and with a like result adds a new and stronger argument in its favor. Accumulate similar results to the number of hundreds and thousands, and in the widest range of chronic and "desperate" diseases and abandoned cases, and you have a weight of evidence that is irresistible. On this weight of indisputable evidence we rest the claims of Compound Oxygen.

And now it becomes our duty to warn the public against frauds and imitations. Scarcely any higher assurance of the value of a useful discovery or invention can be given than the fact that unscrupulous persons attempt to deceive the public by offering them an article to which they give the same name, and to which they attribute the same qualities. The intrinsic value of a thing becomes evident in the efforts to make gain through an imitation or counterfeit. Our new Treatment is no exception to the rule. No sooner was its great curative value demonstrated beyond the reach of cavil or contradiction than frauds and imitations began to appear, and worthless articles were offered to the public as the genuine Compound Oxygen.

In one instance an individual engaged in this disreputable business actually puts forth the claim that he was employed by us in a confidential position through which he was able, in a surreptitious manner, to discover the secret of its manufacture!

And, with a dullness of perception equaled only by his moral obliquity, asks the public to credit his assertion, while at the same time claiming to possess the secret of making Compound Oxygen through a betrayal of confidence! As if the public would put faith in a man who declares himself to be untrustworthy!

But there is not a word of truth in this man's assertion. He was never employed in our laboratory, and if he had been there was no possible way in which he could discover the substance used by us to give to the new compound the vitalizing element and curative force it contains. That is a secret which we do not communicate to any one employed in our laboratory.

In another case a Western physician dispensed an imitation of our Treatment which he called Compound Oxygen, and then took a number of our testimonials and reports of cures and published them as having been given for cures made by his spurious preparation. A threat to publicly expose him caused him to withdraw, as far as we know, our testimonials, but he still offers the public his worthless article.

And, in still another case, a dishonest imitator not only used our testimonials, but actually took some forty or fifty pages bodily from our *Treatise on Compound Oxygen*, and published them as if written by himself as an exposition of the science and theory on which his pretended cure was based!

In most of the cases which have come under our observation the spurious substance is offered at lower prices than we ask for the genuine article.

We have refrained up to this time from taking any notice of these frauds, but in consequence of repeated communications and inquiries from those who have tried these imitations and found them worthless, we deem it only a common duty to warn the public against them.

A moment's reflection will make it clear to any one that a man who tries to rob another of the fair reward to which any new invention or discovery may entitle him is not a man whom the public can afford to trust. His moral sense is perverted—he has neither true honor nor honesty, and will cheat and deceive those who trust him whenever he finds it to his interest to do so.

Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only manufactured in Philadelphia, at 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, by Drs. Starkey & Palen. Any substance made elsewhere and called Compound Oxygen is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

Our *Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge*. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "*Health and Life*," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves AND OPEN FOR VERIFICATION, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 600 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.D., M.D.

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